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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Chamberlain and Birmingham interchanged on Monday a host of compliments. Birmingham has always been proud of its members, but there has been no such exuberance of congratulation before, not even when Mr. John Bright was entertained by his constituents nearly twenty years ago; and it would be difficult to find two men whose claims to such wide recognition were more opposed, though both have deserved popularity. In his farewell speech Mr. Chamberlain certainly did not reach a pitch of oratory that could compare with Bright's, but apart from the family matters, as it were, on which he spoke he gave a lucid description of the objects of his visit. He goes not only to consult with Lord Milner and to give his acts the visible mark of Government recognition, though this is become necessary after the open difference of opinion on the suspension of the constitution. His first object is to hear things at first hand, starting with a Socratean assumption of his own ignorance which may compare with Lord Kitchener's blurted confession that he knew nothing about tactics. Though a short tour has sometimes created too great a conviction of knowledge, it has become necessary that a colonial secretary should have "stumped the Empire" and the citizens of Birmingham showed a true sense of perspective when they gave honour to Mr. Chamberlain for converting, after his business-like manner, the theory into an experience. He has also made a precedent. For the future "home-keeping youth" will be disqualified for his office.

A fund for the South African loyalists has been organised by the "Globe" and has already received very solid support. It is an unpleasant fact that the loyalists have been neglected since the war, and in the face of this neglect we have nevertheless listened gladly to the noise of the Boer generals. As a Frenchman was heard to say in Paris: "Ma foi; être loyaliste chez les Anglais n'est vraiment pas un bon métier." Many of the loyalists have been absolutely homeless for several months and, apart from the boycotting tactics which have been used against them in the Cape, there are few of them in any part of the country who have not suffered severely. Perhaps their best claim on the people in England is that they themselves have been patient to a fault. But there is still a long interval before the Government fund which is wholly inadequate

can be distributed. If any one body of people in England are more bound than another to help to make good the losses of the loyalists, it is those who went shouting about the streets and platforms after the Boer generals. The organising committee of the fund have all, with one exception, a personal acquaintance with South Africa: Lady Cavendish Bentinck, Lady Edward Cecil, Miss Frere, the Duke of Montrose, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Lord Hugh Cecil. Over and above the money and clothing which will be collected it is to be hoped that the fact of the fund will call out a decent, if belated, gratitude.

Sir J. P. FitzPatrick in an exhaustive article in the "Times" has written with honest courage of the settlement in South Africa. It is a pity he has not written with equal literary capacity; a sense of style would have saved him from the soldier with a marshal's baton and from the allusion to Mr. Gilbert. There has undoubtedly been too much finical care of people's susceptibilities in facing a situation which cannot be settled by a policy of progressive inactivity. By the treaty of Vereeniging the Boer's only taxable property, his farm, was specifically exempted from taxation, so that for the purposes of the war debt it would be the British subjects who would pay, if any debt was imposed on the Transvaal. Sir J. P. FitzPatrick speaks strongly, as rightly, of the timorous folly shown by the Government in apologising for an alleged policy of colonisation. It is useless to hide the fact that the one hope of consolidating the five colonies into any sort of united loyalty is to encourage in all of them vigorous immigration, and to suspend till the solidity is assured the local government for which the Boers are intriguing. In the Cape at any rate nothing but the exercise of drastic power by the Imperial Government can dominate the disloyalty, though, of course, Cape matters have no longer the significance they had.

Sir Evelyn Wood has written a letter denying that during the conference in 1881 at Lang's Nek ridge he took Mr. Kruger by the arm and asked him not to be hasty—a statement which appears in Mr. Kruger's Memoirs. "I did not take Mr. Kruger by the arm. As Mr. Kruger did not change his clothes day or night, and economised soap, close proximity to him was not pleasant." On the taste of this style of controversy it is not necessary to dwell: there cannot be two opinions about it. But we may be permitted to express mild surprise at so brave and seasoned a soldier as Sir Evelyn Wood being affected, as it were, in the field by such "gilded popinjay" considerations. Why we have had it on their own showing that several of our leading generals could not change their clothes for days and

nights together during the critical period of the Natal campaign. We have also heard a good deal during the South African war of officers going about with drawing-room accessories and the like. Would Sir Evelyn bring up his perfumeries to the front?

It must be due to the perfidy of Albion that many of her one-time enemies have been persuaded each to write a book. Mr. Kruger is the arch offender; General De Wet and General Ben Viljoen are others, and the list of Boer authors is likely soon to be swollen. Most of them have now "commenced author" and perhaps they are already beginning to find that to making many books there are great drawbacks. If dissension among the Boers were desirable either in policy or humanity, the encouragement of this cacoethes might be accounted by our critics a stroke of most successful diplomacy. General Viljoen, who has had an interview with Mr. Chamberlain this week, is much upset at what he calls the conceit of De Wet in attributing cowardice to some of his troops. De Wet again may well feel outraged at the printed statement of one of his German allies that more foreign allies than Boers fell in the war. To complete the national friction, there is intense and natural hatred between the National Scouts—"National Scoundrels" in General Viljoen's phrase—and the rest. Happily it is in Europe, where are the publishers, that the squabbles, except in regard to the Scouts, have had rise. One can sympathise with De Wet's sigh of relief when he landed in South Africa, after his Continental trip. He had seen enough of Europe, he said.

The German Emperor, making a luncheon with Lord Rosebery the climax of his visit, left England on Friday, and it is something that in the concluding week of his visit he was permitted to shoot rabbits and to plant oak trees without being made the butt of offensive criticism by critics in search of a theme. Happily the visit of the King of Portugal has produced nothing more harmful than historic surveys of the relation between Britain and Portugal. It has even been pointed out by one historian that Bombay, the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, first tended to turn the attention of Englishmen of commerce towards the East. If the point is intended as a compliment to the present King, it is not necessary to insist that this alleged tendency towards Eastern trade was already something like an enthusiasm half a century earlier. But the goodwill between England and Portugal is not now in need of the momentum of an historic alliance. In the last few years, after one serious lapse in friendliness, Portugal has discovered that her interests in Africa in no place run counter to those of England.

In Brussels on Monday one calling himself an anarchist attempted the life of the King of the Belgians. It was also in Belgium that the Prince of Wales was made the object of a similar and ineffective attack; and much insistence has been laid on this sequel to the tenderness shown to Sipido. But Rubino was not a man of Sipido's kidney. His career, so far as it is known, suggests that he had drifted steadily into that aimless bitterness of spirit which produces, along with a desire for blind vengeance, absolute carelessness of personal safety. Whatever the world may think of King Leopold he is essentially a citizen King. He is accustomed to walk about among his people very often in such deficiency of state as many of his citizens would think beneath their dignity. Even from the point of view of the most thoroughgoing anarchism death in this instance would have been a peculiarly useless object lesson in the destruction of tyrants. By the laws of Belgium the man may not be put to death. One can only hope that his arrest will lead to the arrest of men like him, for his schemes were not isolated. But the smart capture of Mr. Keir Hardie as a dangerous character on the ground that he was a socialist and therefore an anarchist does not conduce to confidence in the clues of the Belgian police.

There is some likeness between the Parisians and the old Athenians; they soon become irritated with their favourites. At present M. Delcassé is the centre of

abuse and, it is said, the object of conspiracy because he has dragged the national honour in the mud in Siam. The colonial group has declared itself against the treaty on the ground that it has acquired for France merely some rather excellent snipe shooting along the Mekong and left all the valuable belt to other people. Who is the Aristophanic Paphlagonian who is going to give France a bigger slice of cheesecake than the present minister does not appear. In the meanwhile M. Delcassé refuses to withdraw his treaty and points out that there was no choice between such a treaty as he made and war. To those whose knowledge of physical geography is in a more advanced state than prevails with the popular fire-eaters of Paris M. Delcassé seems to have done so well for his country that others might well object; but there is grave fear that the treaty will be upset and the present position which is intolerable left unredeemed. The French public should follow Palmerston's method and take down a map to see where these colonies are. The inspection would not prevent the excellent caricaturists of Paris from representing M. Delcassé dining off béccasses as a *pièce de résistance*. It is remarkable that the "Temps" in supporting M. Delcassé declares that in 1893 Siam was only saved from France by the firmness of Lord Rosebery.

In spite of the resistance offered to one of the four columns engaged in the little expedition now in progress on the Indian frontier, the operation is not one of any great importance and cannot become important unless the disturbance spreads to the other tribes. This is very unlikely. It is much more probable that after some show of resistance to save their reputation the tribesmen will come to terms. In fact overtures to this end seem already to have begun. The Kabul Khel are an isolated branch of the Waziris who have lately been brought to order after a long blockade. The name implies no connexion with the Afghan capital. The territory to be traversed is small and the strength and distribution of the troops employed make resistance impossible. It would be easy to bring up reinforcements if they were required. The matter was not serious enough for a blockade, nor the season suitable. This punitive expedition of a sort to which the Punjab Frontier Force is well accustomed is more summary and will give the tribesmen enough to think about to ensure a quiet winter for their neighbours.

Mr. John Redmond comes back from America not a day too soon if he is to hold the Irish party together. Already there is sign of that

"Little speck in garner'd fruit
That rotting inward moulders all".

Mr. Healy, whose activities are commonly as ominous for United Nationalist parties as the banshee, is said indeed already to have got a little party together. It is not surprising to see the name of Mr. Jasper Tully on the list of Healyites; it is a little to see that of Mr. Carew. May this be Mr. Carew's idea of how to keep Parnell's memory green? But it seems the tradition of this party that bitter foes of yesterday should be bosom friends of to-day, and the reverse. Was not the leader who has just returned to his duties saying, a while ago, in cutting derision of the leader who has been carrying on his work so faithfully during his absence in America—"at any rate I never asked Lord Salisbury to let me off my costs"? One seems to recall some such amenity. And Mr. O'Brien would appear to have scored some substantial success for Mr. Redmond, if we can trust what both in effect are saying about a great settlement of the land question in the near future now being certain. Perhaps Mr. Healy, having no share in this alleged "deal" with the Government, is the more earnest to spoil all.

Sir Howard Vincent's questions in the House on Wednesday on the criminality of immigrant aliens extracted from the Home Secretary some startling statistics. During the year as many as 4,943 aliens were brought before the London magistrates; and the City of London is excluded from this list. A great deal of contradictory evidence has been given of the

quality of the citizenship of the aliens, whose attraction for London increases in proportion with the wise inhospitality of other countries. But it is difficult to explain away this high percentage of lawbreakers. The housing question is greatly complicated by the extent of the invasion and this in itself is enough to compel serious attention to the freedom of immigration; the evidence of a high percentage of criminality unpleasantly emphasises the necessity. No doubt nothing can be done till the Royal Commission has come to its conclusion. The protection of fellow-citizens from foreigners with a lower conception of *bien être* is a duty to which many nations have only just awakened and, as their strictness grows, the quality as well as the number of disreputable characters that come to the one place where they are welcome must yearly increase.

Even the keenest educationist will observe with relief that the Bill, of which the country is sick unto death, has got through Committee. Since the application of the closure by compartment, probably the most popular, perhaps the only really popular, move in connexion with the whole Bill, the debates in Committee have lost what interest they formerly had. There was, however, one topic discussed on Thursday of some living importance. The Bill proposed that where the education authority decided to continue the charge for fees previously made by the managers of a denominational school, the proceeds should be divided between the authority and the managers. This excited the fiercest resentment in the Opposition. Inasmuch as the fee revenue went towards other than maintenance charges before, it seems reasonable that the managers should get back a proportion of this revenue when collected by the local authority. The fact is the repairs question is going to be much more serious than either the Government or the Church imagined. One of the ostensible objects of the Bill was to preserve denominational schools: so that it would be absurd to leave any branch of the subject, like repairs, in such a position as to result in a rapid diminution of denominational schools and thus the stultification of the policy of the Bill.

Other new clauses have been introduced by the Government. One related to the application of endowments enjoyed by voluntary schools, and provided that nothing in the Act should affect any endowment or the discretion of the trustees in respect thereof. An amendment which was rejected was intended to provide that trust deeds should be obtained for schools where they do not exist at present in order to ensure the appeal to the Bishop, of which the Bishop of London spoke at the Albert Hall in reference to the Kenyon-Slaney Clause. Ultimately the new clause was adopted by a large majority. Another clause related to the appointment of managers who are placed in office under the provisions of trust deeds. It was the object of the Opposition to secure the election of managers where the trust deeds were inconsistent with the Act, not by the Board of Education as the clause proposed, but by some kind of constituency; on the ground that otherwise the managers would be nominees of the clergy. Thus Mr. Lloyd-George proposed a constituency of the parents of the children. Lord Hugh Cecil objected to the power proposed to be given to the Board of Education, as it would enable a hostile Board to upset the trust deeds by a constituency with popular control in consequence of the safeguards for denominational management having been given up by the adoption of the Kenyon-Slaney Clause. The clause as it stood was however read a second time.

In the early part of the year Mr. Balfour made a strong appeal for the endowment of King's College. In some sort as answer to his appeal a dinner was held on Thursday to promote an endowment fund and it was suggested that half a million would be necessary. At the end of the meeting the Bishop of London stated that in conjunction with the Bishop of Rochester they would be able to endow the chair of theology with £1,500 a year and that Mr. W. F. D. Smith had started the fund with a gift of £5,000. Lord Selborne on the

whole put the case of the University well. Its needs are the proper payment of its professors and the extension of the facilities and apparatus for making the scientific training, which has been the leading attribute of the University as distinguished from others, as good as the best in the world. It is astonishing what the University has done without endowment, but lately it has fallen into debt, work has been vexatiously hampered by want of scope, and it is not fair that the loyalty of its professors should continue to make them put up with the miserable fees they now receive.

The report of the committee appointed to inquire into local records has just been published as a Blue Book. It contains many miserable instances, which unhappily anyone who has at all investigated parish registers will be able further to increase, of the base method by which all sorts of local records have been made to disappear. In late years the safeguards have been greatly increased and the sources of information organised; but we are still a long way behind other nations. One of the most interesting documents in the Blue Book is a letter explaining the perfection of the system that prevails in France. The boroughs in England have been much more thorough and careful than the Counties but there is no system, and little fixing of responsibility. In accordance with the suggestion of most of the local antiquaries examined the committee suggest that in future all civil and ecclesiastical records should be kept in suitable local centres. Some of the most serious losses we know to have occurred through the carelessness of incumbents in country parishes: and one may hope that steps will at once be taken to adopt the committee's suggestion that each local centre should at once collect from all parishes within its range a list of baptisms marriages and deaths from 1538 to 1836.

Mr. Price Hughes was unquestionably a great figure in modern Wesleyanism; he possessed considerable gifts of eloquence, was a great organiser, and a born journalist. Whether he used his influence wisely is a different question. Our impression is that he sacrificed the genuine interest of his communion on more than one occasion for the pleasure of making a small sensation. The great Methodists of the olden time, especially in Mr. Price Hughes' own country, owed their strength to the fact that they were plain, homely people. They created a form of religious life, which has strong attractions for that large section of the middle class that takes religion seriously and is sceptical of pleasure. The initial mistake of Mr. Price Hughes and his friend Mr. Perks lay in not seeing that as Wesleyans they existed to protest rather against the world than against the Church.

As the jury in *Cowen v. Labouchere* have accepted Mr. Labouchere's version of the origin and methods of the "Article Club", Mr. Cowen has come out of his conflict with "Truth" defeated on every point. It is now no longer possibly libellous to say that the Club must "rank among the most astonishing pieces of successful humbug ever devised by a clever adventurer". Mr. Labouchere as a successful defender of libel suits has raised a sort of feeling amongst many that they would like to find him making a mistake occasionally; and to this extent Mr. Cowen will have his sympathisers. But this is very irrational. When a jury finds that what Mr. Labouchere said about the Club was true in fact, and that none of his statements were unfairly twisted with the object of making malicious comments, then it is clearly for the public interest that an undertaking humbugging the public as the Article Club did should not be allowed to flourish. The action of the Columbus Publishing Company goes the way of the other.

The remarkable prosecution of Mrs. Annie Elizabeth Penruddocke for cruelty inflicted upon her daughter, a child of six years of age, ended on Friday with a verdict of guilty. It will astonish many people that the punishment is only the infliction of a pecuniary fine of fifty pounds, which seems inadequate if the acts of cruelty deposed to by servants and others were believed, as they must have been, by the jury. Cruelty of this kind is well known to be often apparently quite

gratuitous; and is mostly committed by women who seem apt to be influenced by an insane hatred which is a perversion of the natural tenderness that women have for children. Men are not so much liable to these abnormal outbreaks; but in this particular case it is strange that the father of the child, who was not charged, should not have had the opportunity of knowing if the child was being improperly treated.

It has been quite a stirring literary week. Sir Edward Clarke gave an address somewhere on great poets and novelists and Lord Avebury one at Swindon on Richard Jefferies. The excuse for the latter was that a tablet was put on the house in which Jefferies once lived, though, of course, Lord Avebury's right to speak on literature must be granted instantly by all who know—and who does not?—that he invented "The Hundred Best Books" and "The Pleasures of Life". Yet mindful of Jefferies' aloofness, his undesire for these public performances, we cannot help thinking that had he foreseen this tabletising expedition, he might have recorded in less charitable terms than he actually did that terrible wish that "the sand of the desert would rise and roll over and obliterate the place [his native village] for ever and ever". For Sir Edward Clarke, he needs absolutely no excuse. His many beautiful addresses to the box full of twelve solid grocers, who make up the typical British jury, entitle him—in the view of every grocer in the land—to lay down the law in literature.

Two interesting matches at racquets and tennis between Latham and Mr. Eustace Miles were played last week at Queen's Club. Conceding six aces Latham won the racquets, really brilliantly, by four games to one. Those who know the play of Mr. Miles in a racquet court will best appreciate these figures. He was the victim of a curious incident during the play: a ball that he struck becoming fixed between the strings of his racket. With the wisdom of the old match-player he was careful to dislodge the ball against the front wall—but in vain so far as the point in play was concerned. Mr. Miles had his revenge at tennis. Receiving 15 and a bisque he won by three sets to love, with scores of 6-3, 6-3, 6-0: only taking his bisque in the last two sets to win the final games. He played throughout with astounding vigour and dash and with no sign of fatigue after the hard fight of the previous day. It was no small feat, as Latham is beyond question the best English tennis player in the history of the game. Mr. Miles will no doubt attribute his "condition" in no small degree to his original system of training.

Depression has prevailed in every section of the Stock Exchange this week, the poor response which the British Columbia and Natal issues met with being accountable to a certain extent for the fall in gilt-edged securities, and the further decline in South African shares is attributed to the scarcity of native labour and uncertainty as to the taxation proposals. The feature of markets was the weakness of Kaffirs, where heavy liquidation has taken place, but support was eventually extended by the controlling houses and indications point to the fact that for the present, at all events, the worst has been seen. American Rails exhibited a rather better tone, but the monetary position in New York is not yet considered satisfactory. It is interesting to note the announcement that in the ensuing session of the Canadian Legislature powers will be applied for to authorise a company, in alliance with the Grand Trunk Railway, to construct a line from some point on the Grand Trunk system to the Pacific Coast. Though it will be supported by the Grand Trunk, the new undertaking will not, it is understood, involve any liability on the part of Grand Trunk proprietors. Tenders for the £1,500,000 Natal Three per cent. Consolidated Stock amounted to £1,916,700 at prices varying from the minimum of £94 per cent. to £97 10s. per cent. The average price obtained for the stock was £94 1s. 1d. Underwriters of the British Columbia Loan are landed with about 80 per cent. of their underwriting. Consols 93. Bank rate 4 per cent. (2 October)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND BIRMINGHAM.

OF Mr. Chamberlain's speech at the send-off banquet we cannot say much, as Mr. Chamberlain said very little. What could he say? That the Colonial Secretary is going to see and hear for himself, and that this is a new departure in colonial politics, we all knew before. Of the financial problems which Mr. Chamberlain is going to examine at Johannesburg not a word was breathed. As we have said before, we think the Minister is overacting his rôle of reserve. It is not the business of a statesman to be influenced by the movements of the Stock Exchange, though as the prices of stocks are merely a barometer of prosperity, no statesman can afford to disregard a depreciation of values. Without committing himself in any way to details, Mr. Chamberlain might have dissipated by a few words a good deal of the uncertainty, which is undoubtedly retarding the return of the Transvaal to its normal condition of economic development. In this connexion it interests us to know that Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, in his very able article in the "Times" on Transvaal Taxation, indicates the same source of revenue for the Government as the SATURDAY REVIEW had put its finger on a week before, namely, the sale of mining claims in areas of ascertained value such as the Witwatersrand district. Sir Percy Fitzpatrick agrees with us that the old system of pegging out claims for the licence-fees is not possible in an established mining field, though it must be retained for the other parts of the Transvaal, where the value of the mineral rights is unascertained. We agree with Sir Percy Fitzpatrick that the money realised by the sale of claims should be spent by the Government in the Transvaal and not sent home as "tribute" to England. The money will have to be spent by Great Britain on the new colony, and there seems little use in its being sent backwards and forwards over the seas. With regard to the political objects of Mr. Chamberlain's visit, we earnestly hope that too much fuss will not be made over the political situation in the Cape Colony. Mr. Rhodes was quite right when he said that the colony which had lost most by the war was the Cape, which will relapse into its pristine insignificance.

But it was not of these matters that we meant to write. The really extraordinary feature of the Birmingham fête was its testimony to the position of Mr. Chamberlain in his own town. Surely there has never before in English politics been anything comparable to Mr. Chamberlain's connexion with Birmingham. At least we cannot recall another instance of a statesman being so identified with a particular locality. As a rule, it is a matter of accident what constituency a statesman represents, and many of our leaders have been wanderers on the political earth. Mr. Gladstone, though his family made their money in Liverpool, was never identified with Lancashire politics. He sat indeed during one Parliament for South-West Lancashire, but then he also sat for Newark, Oxford University, Greenwich, and Midlothian. During the latter half of his career no one was more unpopular in his native town than Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli sat for Shrewsbury, Maidstone, and Buckinghamshire and though he represented the latter county for something like thirty years he was never looked upon as a Bucks man, nor had he more power in his own constituency than in any other part of the country. Sir Robert Peel, like Mr. Gladstone, of a Lancashire family, was returned, first by Oxford University, and then by Tamworth, a small borough in Staffordshire. Lord Palmerston's connexion with Tiverton was a standing joke. Sir William Harcourt has sat for Oxford City, Derby, and Monmouthshire. What has Mr. Balfour to do with Manchester or Manchester with him? The link is accidental, and Mr. Balfour's power in Manchester is probably less than it is in many other parts of the kingdom. What again is Mr. John Morley's connexion with Arbroath or Mr. Asquith's with East Fife? Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith are men of light and leading, and Scotch constituencies, being appreciative of intellect, even in Englishmen, have chosen them—that is all. But very different is the bond which unites Mr. Chamberlain and the district of Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain, as everybody knows, was born in

London, at Highbury: but he and his family have lived their lives and made their money in Birmingham and its immediate neighbourhood. The Secretary of State has passed through the mill of parish and municipal politics. He has harangued at Sunday schools, sat on the first school board, and began to make his reputation as mayor of Birmingham. To-day, after close on thirty years in the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain is still Birmingham, and Birmingham is still Mr. Chamberlain. Attempts have been made from time to time, naturally, to dislodge the great strategist from his position, but they have all been easily repulsed. Once, and once only, did Mr. Chamberlain show signs of nervousness at the approach of a possible rival. It was proposed by certain parties that Lord Randolph Churchill should succeed Mr. Bright as one of the Unionist members for Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain did not relish the idea of a brother near the throne, and the proposal was stamped on.

Mr. Chamberlain's authority is the more remarkable because it has been subjected to the severest test that can be applied to human power. Mr. Chamberlain entered Parliament in the seventies as a Radical of the most advanced school. His intimates were Mr. John Morley and Sir Charles Dilke. He had avowed his preference, in theory at all events, for the republican form of government: he was opposed to the House of Lords; a secularist in education, and a disestablisher in religion. Nor were these the crude fancies of a boy, for Mr. Chamberlain was over forty when he entered the House of Commons. As lately as 1885 Mr. Chamberlain created what now seems a ludicrous alarm amongst the moderate Liberals by his "doctrine of ransom". To-day he is the most powerful member of the present Government, and Birmingham is still solid in his support. These modifications of political opinion have increased rather than diminished his prestige in the capital of the Midlands. Is it not a marvellous tribute to the power of a clear head and a daring will? Mr. Chamberlain has carried Birmingham with him in all his changes, because he has the gift of reading its history in a nation's eyes, because he saw the old Radicalism was played out, because he is so truly typical of his town and of his class. There is also another reason, not quite so pleasant to dwell upon, why Mr. Chamberlain still rules Birmingham with absolute sway. Mr. Chamberlain's Imperialism means, in vulgar parlance, good business for Birmingham and its neighbours. Birmingham and Sheffield and the midland towns are large exporters to the colonies, and manufacture, not only arms and ammunition, but most of the other requisites of a campaign. It would not be human nature if manufacturers' artisans, who have been doing a roaring trade, did not support the minister who incarnates the policy of bustle and expansion. There will come a change in the fashion of statesmanship some day, no doubt. The "Ha! Ha! policy" of Palmerston was succeeded by the seriousness of Mr. Gladstone. So too in time the aggressiveness of Mr. Chamberlain may give way to the quiet argumentation of Mr. Balfour or Mr. Morley. But for the hour Mr. Chamberlain and Birmingham are lords of all.

THE POLITICS OF BRAZIL.

EUROPEANS are apt to take South American politics hardly seriously. That is a mistake: for, fantastic as these republican governments tend to be and the politicians eccentric, the possibilities of the South American continent are so vast that nothing should be ignored which may even remotely affect its future. The change of ministry in Brazil, for instance, though it may appear trifling in its present significance for the rest of the world, suggests important considerations. The people, the great scattered rural population, the real sinews of the country, are intensely conservative, primitive in their methods of agriculture, archaic in their domestic life, preferring the old form of monarchy to the novelty of a republic. It was only by the dwellers in the city, a mere handful compared to

the vast masses in the provinces, that a new government was dreamt of, and of these there were but few who really welcomed the change. How this change suddenly grew from a mere demonstration against an unpopular minister into a revolution unexpected and unnecessary is a matter of history. The New Plan was not universally welcomed, it speedily became distrusted, it is now positively disliked. Many openly desire a return to monarchy. Fifteen years ago taxation was rare; the revenue was derived from customs, from duties levied on imports. The increased expense of popular government, the munificence—perhaps extravagance—inseparable from Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, chiefly bestowed on enthusiastic supporters, occasioned an increase in taxation. The army had to be paid, and as it made the revolution, unless pacified it might reverse the operation. The navy had to be strengthened against foreign interference. Money was freely spent. To-day the army is a rabble, the ships conceal useless machinery. To-day everything is taxed almost to breaking point: national products, cigarettes, stamps; on all articles appears the inevitable brand. Now that foreign credit has disappeared the nation is trying the hazardous operation of subsisting on domestic credit. The markets are dear, treasuries public and private are empty.

Brazil lost her chance. She did not borrow enough when she had the opportunity. She could have borrowed scores of millions and she was content with forty. Two or three hundred millions invested in a country beget a wonderful condescension of treatment in the foreign lender. He is anxious to safeguard his interest, he is willing that his own country should help his debtor in all ways, he will even lend more to assure his security. His stake is too large to lose. It is different when only a trifling sum is at stake. What are forty millions to the great creditors of great nations? The creditor can afford to be nasty, to insist upon onerous conditions, to deny help, to require the utmost letter of his bond, to be blind to aught that is not written in the bond. What matter to him the political or agricultural difficulties of the debtor? Encumbered by problems at home, with a revenue foolishly raised, ill-administered expenditure, inefficient servants, Brazil receives no assistance from abroad and in her difficulties all hands are raised to demand from her. Had the national responsibility been higher she would be freer to-day; were the pecuniary burden more heavy, she would more lightly bear the weight.

Conspicuous amongst the past Cabinet has been the Finance Minister. In his endeavours to restore the currency to a better footing a large quantity of paper money has been withdrawn and still the rate of exchange is against Brazil cent. per cent. more than it was a few years ago. Large numbers of forged notes are in circulation, they are easy to manufacture, no serious attempt is made to discover the malefactor, and the punishment of forgery is inconsiderable. The satisfactory issue of the Sorocabana affair was largely due to the business energy of the Finance Minister. The debentures are now assured by the Government. He was not without success in floating the Funded Loan and to-day prices in the London market bear testimony to an improved position.

Equally conspicuous in the Cabinet has been the Foreign Minister, admirable as a medical man, in politics to be avoided. If the question of Acra is temporarily at rest, small thanks to him. When Bolivia granted this territory in the Upper Amazons to a company of enterprising Americans, decorated by a few English names, hasty assertions were made claiming the area as Brazilian, or at least to be a neutral unlimited zone. Those pretensions had to be withdrawn. It had to be confessed that Brazil had long ago recognised Acra as Bolivian property, and the full recognition was conceded when a Brazilian consul was appointed in Acra. No doubt the grant of sovereign rights to the new company seriously disturbed the equanimity of the Foreign Minister. He gave his personal attention to the matter; with the usual result. He attempted to close the Amazon against all descending traffic from Acra, the only outlet for its trade, in spite of the well-known principles of international law which regulate similar great

rivers, as the Rhine or the Danube. Of all these it is charitable to assume the Foreign Minister was ignorant. When it was proved that Brazil had herself years ago expressly declared the Amazon to be a highway for all nations, his colleagues were compelled to abandon the foolish claims which had been gratuitously put forward. It is only among the few professional politicians of the capital that any interest remains in public matters, except for the constant dread of an attempt by the United States to push into Brazil. Frontier troubles with Uruguay are perennial but never of any considerable importance.

The change of Ministry and President is received with manifest delight; the new President is a distinguished member of the legal profession; he will be supported by the most able of all Brazilians, Rio Branco, hitherto Minister in Berlin, who takes the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. His name alone is a guarantee of a new régime beneficial to the country, for it is certain that his influence will largely dominate in every office. Unquestionably there is urgent need for redress of grievances. Taxation has fallen upon the poorest; the necessary commodity of everyday life is taxed alike with luxuries, no discrimination has been exercised.

There is one aspect of Brazilian affairs worth touching upon, which interests the foreigner and is of vital importance to the native. To the foreigner it is a matter of prudence that his security should be not merely ample but capable of enforcement. What use to him is the most valuable security, if its rights are not to be recognised in the courts of law? Security, without justice to enforce it, is a delusion. It cannot be averred that the justice of a Brazilian Court is blindfold to temptation and impartially holds the scales. Indeed, how should it be? In Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, a city where the expense of living is excessively high, a judge of first instance, comparable to an English puisne judge, receives the ridiculous sum of £600 a year. Naturally no man who can make more elsewhere will take such a salary, and the professional man who cannot do that in Rio de Janeiro cannot be good enough for the work of a judge. Yet it is with such or with young and quite inexperienced men that the Bench is recruited. Small wonder that judicial corruption is openly spoken of. It is sincerely to be hoped that the new Ministry will take up this question with a patriotic determination to wipe out a national reproach.

ANARCHISM AND SOCIALISM.

WHEN the Brussels policeman who in excess of zeal arrested Mr. Keir Hardie M.P. as an Anarchist had it explained to him that, quite apart from other circumstances of innocence, Mr. Hardie is a Socialist and not an Anarchist, with happy indifference to logical distinctions, he closed the discussion with the remark that it was all the same. A Brussels policeman might have been supposed to have plenty of opportunities for comparing the two sets of ideas; and by an easy intellectual process have arrived at something like an intelligent appreciation of their differences. As it happens Rubino, who made the unsuccessful attempt on the life of King Leopold, was acting as the agent of neither socialists nor anarchists. He had been repudiated by the former because his principles were the very reverse of those professed by socialists; and the latter had expelled him from a certain society in London of which he seems to have been a member because they believed him to be treacherous, and to be betraying them. In fact he had been in the employment of the Italian Embassy here as a spy on other Italian anarchists. The only excuse the Brussels policeman had for his blundering confusion of a system which seeks to dissolve society and to leave it without government, with one which looks to an ideal of very strict positive government in every relation of life, is that the methods of the two systems have frequently had an unfortunate resemblance. This has been especially the case with continental socialism in its earlier stages. But socialism

in England has never adopted any methods of propaganda, or for the attainment of its objects, other than those used by ordinary political organisations. On the Continent, in America, and wherever else socialism has become an accepted social theory, violence forms no part of its programme; and none of the crimes that are in the public memory as having been committed during late years have been those of people who professed the theories of socialism.

A Brussels paper is of opinion that Rubino's crime cannot be called political; and that it is only an incident the appropriate termination of which is the exclamation, God save the King! There is a good deal to be said for this view. Anarchism has no politics. Anarchists are a set of optimistic philosophers who use atrocious instruments for putting their philosophy to the test. They have inherited the principles of the eighteenth-century revolutionaries, who believed in the goodness of human nature to such an extravagant degree that they thought if it were not for oppressive government men would love each other as brothers, and carry on the world on co-operative principles without needing any restraint by force. Their theoretical ideals sound well, and indeed are held and promulgated by well-known apostles of genius who have escaped being ranked with vulgar anarchists because the public generally, like the Brussels policeman, is neither skilful at detecting resemblances nor at making distinctions. Such airy politics as this, which differs so much from ordinary politics whose principle usually is that human nature is about as bad as it can be, hardly deserves the name. Anarchists use assassination on much the same lines that the Thugs, and other fanatics of abnormal principles, did. The anarchists are really a survival of a class of lunatics which every country at some period or other of its history has produced. Murder with ceremonious rites has always had a terrible fascination for devotees of many various opinions, and has seemed to their adherents justified by theories and fancies of fantastic shape. It is easy to see how, for example, the fanaticism of the Doukhobors of Canada might have assumed even a more terribly grotesque form than it has actually taken. They, like our own Peculiar People, have deliberately sacrificed human life, of innocent children especially, by utter indifference to common human feelings, in pursuit of an idea which to ordinary men and women seems preposterous and insane, but to themselves gives the highest sanction to their actions.

What is society to do in presence of such fanaticism? As far as anarchism is concerned there is little doubt that the answer is to suppress it by force. It could be suppressed as were Thuggism and other repellent sacrifices of life in India by proper repressive measures. In Russia we have not heard much of Nihilism for a good number of years because the Government intended to show it no mercy. All that is needed anywhere to put down by force an anti-social course of action is that a government should be supported by the body of opinion on which government is founded. There is a clap-trap formula which some people are fond of using, that force is no remedy. But as a matter of fact it is; and often force has suppressed many things both good and bad, which if allowed to grow would in truth have become too strong to be manageable. The force must be intelligent and it must be applied at the proper time and in the proper manner. That the proper time has come in the case of anarchism has been evident so long that it might seem it would soon be passed. As to the proper manner it is plain that Belgium and Italy, the two countries where anarchists mostly either arise or seem to find a fertile soil for cultivation, have deprived themselves of one means of suppression by the abolition of the death penalty. True they have substituted a form of lifelong imprisonment which is more abhorrent to humanity than any form of quick dispatch of life can be. It is nothing less than diabolic, and yet at the same time it has less of that impressiveness which is the most striking feature of the death penalty and makes it more deterrent than any other mode of punishment. Actually realised in all its details the horrible fate of Lucchini, doomed to pass his future wretched existence in an imprisonment as ghastly as the cages of Louis XI., should appal the imagination more than any

other conceivable doom. But in fact it does not. When Rubino learnt that the death penalty could not be inflicted, he put on bravado airs and danced and shouted and sang. An instance of this kind is a sufficient answer to the argument that the death punishment is not a deterrent. It is not absolutely; but relatively it is the most effectual of deterrents, and acts as such even on that kind of lunatic amongst which the anarchist may most probably be classed. If they are lunatics they know full well the nature of their offence and the penalty attached to it. A great English judge said, when lunacy was pleaded in a certain case, that unless lunacy is of a kind which obliterates knowledge it may well be that punishment will act as a deterrent on lunatics of other classes as powerfully as on those whose sanity is not called in question.

The abolition of the death penalty in countries such as Italy and Belgium raises a serious obstacle to dealing with anarchism. But it would not be enough to inflict death only where attacks on rulers resulted in their assassination. In America and in France death must result before the capital penalty could be inflicted. That is not sufficient, and the English law of treason furnishes an example of visiting attempts on the life of the sovereign with death which it would be well to apply to such crimes as the attack on King Leopold. We have had no occasion to put this law into action for a long period. Attempts on the lives of our Sovereigns have been made by aimless imbecile persons whose efforts could hardly be regarded seriously: unless from the possible danger of inciting others, equally imbecile, to make similar attempts which, foolish though they might be, might possibly have a more serious issue. But if England became the rendezvous of anarchists deliberately concocting murder, our law would not only enable death to be inflicted for actual attempts but for the conspiracy; and that Englishmen would not shrink from seeing enforced. If the international congress against anarchism which has been so often spoken of could be got to recommend some law like that of the treason law of England, there would yet remain another point in connexion with the trials of anarchists to be settled. Most probably all of the anarchists who have been captured exhibit that extraordinary mixture of vanity and ferocity which marks the cold-blooded murderer. Rubino is no exception to the rule, and we suppose that he will be gratified, as Vidal the French murderer recently convicted of atrocious murders of women was gratified, by reading reports prior to during and after his trial; and he will enjoy his notoriety as he stands in the dock, and will make braggadocio declarations intended for his associates whose applause will be for him the equivalent of the public approbation which is the reward of the normally ambitious citizen. Why should all this parade be allowed in a case like Rubino's? He was taken red-handed, and so far from denying his crime he confessed and boasted of it, as all anarchists do prompted by their ruling passion of vanity. If there were an effective law against anarchists, this would have been the last heard of Rubino until it was announced that he had been executed. In other cases, where there is no confession, but an attempt has actually been made and proved, that ought to be sufficient for sentence. There is no need, as there may be where no overt act has been done, for detailed evidence pro and con. If there is any reason, such as absolute insanity, for not executing the law, then let the inquiry be made by experts, as is done in cases where the Crown's clemency is sought on the ground of facts which did not come out at the trial. The publicity of trials in "free countries" nurtures anarchists; for it is a noticeable fact that if they do not breed them for themselves, anarchical crimes are mostly committed there. England appears to be an exception; but if we may believe Rubino it was only an accident that prevented him from attacking the King of England instead of the King of the Belgians.

LOQUITUR ECCLESIA.

THE Church has spoken at last; at any rate the Church in London has spoken; spoken very late, too late indeed to retrieve the lost opportunity of a final settlement, but not too late yet to modify the Bill for better. The Albert Hall meeting was satisfactory; its temper was strong, and the tone of the speeches eminently sensible. Opponents have made much of the absence of any ebullience of enthusiasm; but wild enthusiasm and emotional demonstration is not the mark of men who mean business but of men who mean play. It is the loafer who "mafficks", not the soldier. Churchmen came to that meeting to do something; they did not come to shout and gesticulate. The meeting was required to answer the questions: (1) Did London Churchmen want the Bill at all; (2) were they satisfied with it as it stood, Kenyon-Slaney subsection and all? To the first question the meeting returned an emphatic affirmative, to the second an emphatic negative. The first question was not superfluous, for the Bill is very far from being all gain to Churchmen and other denominationalists; moreover, in its passage through Committee it has been modified more and more to the disadvantage of Church schools. Then there was the factor to consider of those who advised repudiation of the Bill by Churchmen as a kind of censure on the Government for abandoning the denominational principle by accepting the Kenyon-Slaney amendment. That it was an abandonment of the principle we unreservedly concur; but with the counsel of repudiation we could have nothing whatever to do. It was a childish notion, quite unworthy of serious people. We were very glad that the Bishop of London, as also the Bishop of Rochester, condemned it without qualification; and that Lord Hugh Cecil insisted on the suggestion's futility as well as its mistake.

From the point of view of the Church we are forced to admit that the Bill is now not nearly so real a boon as Churchmen reasonably expected to receive; to a very considerable extent they have been given away: still the dominant fact remains that if we rejected this Bill, a worse thing would certainly happen to us. Denominational schools could not have gone on for any long time on the old lines; they would have gone under; and, no retreat having been secured by religious reform of Board schools, effective Christian teaching would have disappeared from the elementary schools of England. That it would have been incomparably wiser to ask for the repeal of the Cowper-Temple clause and thus secure retreat rather than take the policy of rate-maintenance of denominational schools, the plan of the Bill, we have no manner of doubt. Indeed, in our view a very grave responsibility lies on the ecclesiastical authorities for not looking ahead and taking up that position. They are more to be blamed than the Government: if they had made the policy of the Church known, and at the same time made it clear that Churchmen would accept no other settlement, they would certainly have got what they asked for. Lord Hugh Cecil is right; the votes of Churchmen are very precious to the Unionist leaders. As it is, the leaders of the Church seem to have been dazzled by the splendid offer of entire maintenance out of public money. They do not seem to have worked out the corollaries of maintenance. Still to reject the Bill now would bring us no nearer to the best settlement; it would have put us even farther from it. The Government would have been entitled to say—and very certainly would have said and acted accordingly—if you Churchmen are capable at the eleventh hour of rejecting, after accepting in the first instance, our entire educational scheme, in a pet because we have allowed it to be modified to your disadvantage in one particular point, you are not to be treated as serious people at all. Henceforth we shall either leave education to the nonconformists to manage, or if we touch it, we shall certainly not trouble ourselves about you. Nor would Churchmen have any right to complain of that attitude. Wantonly to sacrifice the solid and many educational reforms this Bill will effect merely for the vindictive satisfaction of giving the Government a set-back would have been absolutely inexcusable.

Happily those who had talked wildly about repudiating the Bill were practically not to be found at the Albert Hall.

But while it was made clear that Churchmen meant to have the Bill, it was made equally clear that they would not have it as it was. The nearest thing to what one would describe as a demonstration during the meeting was the reception given to Lord Hugh Cecil, when he rose to move a resolution, which under a good deal of very clouded phraseology was taken by the meeting, as by the country, to mean a condemnation of the Kenyon-Slaney amendment. The Church is now pledged to do all in its power to obtain further safeguards, neutralising the possible ill consequences of ousting the clergy from direction of religious education and of letting in, as Mr. W. C. Bridgeman usefully urged in a letter to the "Times" on Wednesday, any person indifferently from outside, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Heretic, or Atheist. Nothing said in any of the unnumbered speeches, letters, articles, or conversations, which it has been our painful duty to hear or read during the last fortnight, inclines to acquiesce at all the more in this amendment. We are struck with the contradictory reasons for acquiescence advanced by Churchmen who defend it. One, and the larger, group says we should accept it because it does nothing, because it leaves things exactly as before; the other says we should now joyfully accept the Bill because this amendment has so altered it as to make it worth accepting. That is Mr. Webb-Peploe's view. The Government belongs to the first group, having now come to the conclusion that the amendment does none of the things which on its introduction they urged as reasons for its acceptance. It is, we are told now, wholly governed, even to details, by the trust-deed, whereas at the time the insertion of the words "subject to the trust-deed" was refused by the Government with considerable show of heat. We are not impressed by the great parade of one or two lawyers' opinions that the amendment leaves things as they were before. The interests of the Church are too big a matter to be allowed to hang on the odds of a lawyer—even a chancellor's—interpretation of the Bill being accepted by a court. Mr. Dibdin thought fit to treat the meeting, which was most anxious to get away, to a very lengthy exposition of his private legal opinion. We decline to accept his interpretation of the word "tenor". How, if he was so entirely convinced that the amendment could not affect the appeal to the Bishop and so forth, he could allow himself to be seconder of a resolution declaring plainly that further safeguards were necessary we do not understand. In the circumstances his speech was not in good taste. However, the course to be taken now is clear. The amendment must be modified in the House of Lords. It may be wise to let the Government down lightly by not striking out the amendment, but to introduce provisos which will stultify its effect. The objection to that course is that it accepts a false principle at least in form.

MR. ARCHDEACON.

ONCE upon a time he was the president of the College of Deacons. Gradually, while his brethren sink into subordination to the parish priests he grows to supply the Bishop's place and office for the supervision correction and amendment of such matters as ought to be supervised, corrected and amended by the Bishop himself; unless they be of such an arduous nature as that they cannot be determined without the presence of his superior, the said Bishop. This the Church lawyer says means that our friend is properly a simple Scrutator—an episcopal eye—that may examine, but may not punish the misdeeds of the flock. Confronted with the fact that in the practical everyday life of the knightly years, Mr. Archdeacon is the corrector of all and sundry, and is in fact recognised by the Holy See as a *judex ordinarius*, the canonist replies that he is such a judge

not as Archdeacon; but as an Archdeacon to whom a Bishop has granted certain of the disciplinarian favours of the episcopate.

This exerciser of Archidiaconal plus certain episcopal function never came to the fore in England, until after "the ship with the archer carved over the prow" had brought to the Kentish strand the Norman Count, though some sort of an Archdeacon we have had with us from the ninth century. For then only when royal edict has robbed our Hundred and County Courts of secular pleas can there be Canon Law Courts on English soil. Thereupon following Gallican and German precedents, our Norman Prelacy proceeds to subdivide the dioceses into archdeaconries (most of which are with us to this day) and in each of these archdeaconries there springs up a little Court Christian over which Mr. Archdeacon and his Official preside. Thus established, our friend (by the way he is in these days often an alien and has learned the Canon and Civil law at the University of Paris) sets to work inducting, suspending, visiting and generally repressing sin and sinners. On the sinful laity the hand of himself or his Apparitor falls hard—how hard, those who recall what befell the first Angevin King before St. Thomas' shrine will understand. They can but moan that he is a crafty lynx, a double-faced Janus, a hundred-eyed Argus.

But the clergy have no greater cause to love the venerable man, whose apparitors and garçons, when he rides a visiting, have an unpleasant way of driving off the native sheep—while their lord and master is regaling at parson's expense *ratione procurationis* (indeed ere now blood has flowed round the Rectory hearth at these visitations) or extorting from them an induction fee. And they hate him all the more when insult has been added to injury by that twelfth-century canon, which has constituted him the compulsory barber of those clerks, who cultivate too luxuriant tresses.

But so far as he merely enforces the Church's discipline, his Episcopal and Archiepiscopal superiors not merely defend, but even incite him to more heroic effort. He is, they constitute, to watch and see that the churches are in repair; that the Holy Sacrament is duly reserved in a Pyx, that the holy oils are safeguarded. He is further to attend the chapter of each rural deanery, to instruct the clerks in elementary theology; and he must see that the lay folks know how to baptize, for fear that, if the priest cannot be present, the new-born infant may die outside the Church. Still they sometimes gravely shake their heads at his extortions and remind him of the sin of Simon Magus. It is further a suspicious circumstance, pointing to the fact that they do not think his goings on quite priestly, that they usually keep him in deacon's orders. But year after year men grin at and bear the Archdeacon. And after all he has his good points. He knows how to lay the usurer by the heels, and unlike the King's Judges he neither mutilates nor hangs. Anyway his oppressions and impudences have rather increased than diminished in the golden days of the third Edward, save that (the old folks whisper) the sinner's gold will more often remit for him a corporal penance than in the days of yore.

But now the cry of the country parson reaches the Primate's ears. Archbishop Stratford, an old ecclesiastical lawyer, knows the truth of these complaints and in a day of trouble he has vowed that he will do his duty to his flock. So forth come the Extravagants. These put a limit on Mr. Archdeacon's extortions in the matter of procurations and inductions. Further they forbid him any mounted Apparitor; one fat Sumner is to meet his needs. Perhaps the clergy gain some rest; nevertheless thirty years later the Archidiaconal Apparitor still gallops his steed by the English hedgerows, and no home is free from the thunderbolt of the Archidiaconal citation.

"I have" quoth he "the sommanauce of a bill
Up pain of cursing, look that thou be
To-morrow before our Archdekene's knee".

But this is the age of "Piers Ploughman" and of "Canterbury Tales". Even the poor widow has got her doubts whe her the salvation of an Archdeacon is

possible—certainly, the world has no intention of taking much penance from his hands. So comes the answer

"May I not ask a libel, Sir Sompnour,
And answer thee by my procuratour".

Still Mr. Archdeacon abated him of his claims not one jot: but

"boldely did his execution,
In punishing of fornication
Of Church-reeves and of testaments,
Of contractes and of lakke of Sacraments
For small tythes and for small offringe,
He made the people piously to singe".

But now he has to listen to a voice that to say the least is menacing, not altogether for what it says, but because it has behind it for the moment the mail-clad knights of John of Gaunt, the wealthy burghers of London, and the wild students of Oxford—a voice that a Papal Bull has failed to silence. As the Pope and the Bishops have gone astray from the right path, so, John Wycliffe shouts, has the Archdeacon followed their example. His duty is the reformation of the sinner's soul, his practice is the extortion of the sinner's gold. His justice is no justice—for it followeth not Christ's example. His cursings with bell, book, and candle are Pharisaical hypocrisies. He stands out among the Bishop's dependents—Archdiabolus, Iscariot. Such rude language to so venerable a person as our friend can only inflame the hierarchy in general and his order in particular against Lollardy. Archbishop Chicheley (who has the canonist Lyndwood at his elbow to advise) imposes on Mr. Archdeacon the pleasant duty of a heresy hunt twice a year in every rural deanery. In sooth apart from the Lollard trouble the days of the Roses wars see Mister Archdeacon harder at work than ever. Since "pestilence time" parsons have been poorer, sacrilege is more common; but parochial expenses have gone up by leaps and bounds, and never were the churches so rich in jewels and gold. So still the parish awaits with dread the Archidiaconal visitation, and for a week a shadow of impending doom hangs on every face. The Churchwardens are borrowing books from a neighbouring church to make up for their own which are lost. Sir Henry the parson is struggling to improve his sermons. Usurers are gently imploring their debtors to pay them what they will and close accounts. The wise woman has started on a journey to a far country. The hawker of the Rector of Lutterworth's tracts haunts the hedgerows no more. And so the week passes away and Master Apparitor canters into the village to announce the approach of his reverence and to compare notes with his spies at the tavern.

"Good Christian people"—so our Archdeacon looking terrible in his red tunic and square cap begins his homily while Sir Henry, wardens and parishioners shake in their shoes—"I am come to visit you: to inquire of such crimes and open offences that ought to be reformed among you to the law of God, the increase of virtue and the oppression of sin and iniquity". And first he must ask them of the state of their church. The Churchwardens will remember that on the occasion of the last visitation an indenture enumerating their Church Ornaments was executed in duplicate. He trusts that they have retained their indenture: his own the Apparitor is now producing, and it will be necessary to see if the Ornaments now in the church tally with those mentioned therein. So the comparison is duly instituted, and there is a sharp examination of the pyx, of the chrysmatory, of the vestments, books and images. Then he asks the parishioners whether Sir Henry duly without any fanciful subtlety teaches or expounds to them the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the fourteen articles of faith, the Ten Commandments, the two evangelical precepts of charity, the seven works of mercy, the seven deadly sins with their progeny, the seven principal virtues and the seven sacraments of grace—whether he duly publishes excommunications—whether he is a haunter of taverns. Has he committed any act of Simony? Is he ever to be seen at a

bear-baiting, a bull-baiting, or a public execution? There is nothing presented against Sir Henry. He is a good man—but it is perchance as well for him that he has paid Master Sumner's heavy fees without demur, and added thereto twelpence and a cup of sack.

Now it is the lay folks' turn. Imprimis is there any person in the parish against whom there is information or suspicion of heresy, witchcraft, use of incantations, superstitious opinion, or theological wrangling on high points? Next does the parish contain any person, who lends money for usury, or misbehaves in church, any profligate sinner or common slanderer. "And as to all such" Mr. Archdeacon gravely concludes "ye shall inquire and present it to the Court". So saying he proceeds to his repast at the rectory. The trembling parishioners and their Wardens remain without, stammering feeble answers to Master Sumner's pat interrogatories.

The storm of the Reformation, which the practices of Mr. Archdeacon have done not a little to excite, bursts at last on the heads of better men and women. When the sun shines on the "new washed" Elizabethan "sky", it sees the venerable man and his underlings (though the Canon Law and the monks and the nuns and the friars are gone; and the parish has been robbed to the last shilling) still as busy as ever and perhaps a little more cantankerous. In truth despite the Acts of Uniformity, England is still in a parlous condition. Ill-disposed parishioners who will insist on acting plays in their church must be censured. The farmer, who when there is a plague among his herds follows his father's example and consults a wise woman, must be excommunicated. Then it is a sorry fact that husband and wife will publicly quarrel just as in the old blind days of popery. He has to reconcile or at least admonish them. Again despite Her Majesty's Injunctions the Puritan will not go to church, and the Papist has concealed an image which ought to have been burnt long ago. His Sumner must serve a citation on both. And most serious of all the churches (thanks to the sanctimonious burglary of Genevan reformers) in every corner of the Archdeaconry are ruinous and foully decayed; as it is foul and lamentable to behold. Therefore here he must monish these Wardens to raise a rate to purchase a new bell, and to repair their steeple; those to fence the pigs from their churchyard, and to buy a new clock; and in one parish he must have the whole church rebuilt. No wonder that folks in general love the Archdeacon no more than in days of yore, and that the Puritan pamphleteer is rude enough to tell him that he exists for no end than to empty people's purses. But as the Parliament man grows more obstreperous, Mr. Archdeacon his Official and Sumner grow sterner. While Archbishop Laud and the High Commissioner strike at the "splendid transgressors", the Archidiaconal Court and the Archidiaconal Visitation (held, grows the croaked common lawyer, in the Archdeacon's name without the authority of our "Sovereign Lord the King") brings ecclesiastical justice down on thousands of the smaller offenders until human nature as distorted by Puritanism may bear them no more and the Roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall make for a moment a clean end of the venerable man, his Official, his Apparitor, his procurations, visitations and fees.

However when the King comes over the water, they replace Mr. Archdeacon in his old estate—though his Court (the ex-officio oath being gone) boasts not its ancient terrors. Still the grave and priestly man (more priestly now than ever for by our new Act of Uniformity he must be in priest's orders) starts once more on his Visitation, and disciplines Puritan and Papist for yet a little while. But then to his dismay come, 1688, Dutch William, and toleration for the Nonconformist. And then a wicked passion (so our friend says) spreads through the whole body of the people; as if by the late Act of Indulgence they are now wholly let loose from all manner of law relating to religion. But Archdeacon may admonish and go on Visitation as he will—to all his inquiries touching lay folks' sins Churchwardens will only answer "Omnia bene". And at last even the venerable man begins to see that the duties, which he would compel the Wardens to perform, would

require a zeal, a contempt for danger, and a superiority to worldly considerations which the fervour of the Primitive Christians would hardly have attained.

So in the Arcadian calm of Jane Austen's days, Mr. Archdeacon and his Official forget all their duties. Fees however are remembered. So there are still Visitations—through a land of dilapidated churches—procurations, admissions of churchwardens, and such like. And the Archidiaconal Court remains a shadow of its past. The Archdeacon excommunicates "Tom Paine", but it is over Oxford Common Room port, and minus bell book and candle. At last the nineteenth century dawns and an inquisitive Radical asks in the Commons, What does an Archdeacon do? The minister rushes to confab in another place with the lawn sleeves and returns with the answer "He performs Archidiaconal functions". Since that date something has been done to make these functions more useful to the Church and less embarrassing to their possessor. True, the Archidiaconal Court is for all that concerns the world as dead as is the Star Chamber. But Mr. Archdeacon stands in more healthy relations to his Bishop than of yore. He has got some fresh work to do too in reference to Dilapidation and Discipline Acts. He will not be however a perfect hand and eye to his Bishop while the parson exults in his freehold and the Diocesan Chancellor in the majesty of his Consistorial Court bumbledom. However, in many ways he makes himself useful. He reads second-rate essays on ecclesiastical subjects to the clergy and calls them charges. He admits Churchwardens and cautions them to have a strong safe, wherein to keep registers. He is useful at ordinations; also as a quiet inquisitor into the moral lapses of the clerical black sheep. In the day when his office is a new thing to him he will visit the outlying churches in the Archdeaconry: it will be well if he continues the practice in later years. For the most part he still takes his procurations, but the parsons still grumble thereat—and he will not get them much longer. He asks in the Visitation of the state of buildings; and general breaches of ecclesiastical law—but seldom if ever whether country parsons hold Saint's Day services (a thing to be regretted).

Of late he has taken when he walks abroad to habit himself as a Bishop. The railway porters and cabmen "My Lord" him. Only an ecclesiastical specialist can distinguish him from a successor of the Apostles. At least to-day he is a venerable man and in the future should be a right useful one.

THE HARMONIOUS GARDENER.

THERE is a point which the writers on garden management have neglected with a somewhat curious unanimity: and that is the æsthetic value of the gardener in the scene. Such a consideration was not likely to be dealt with, of course, by any of the older school of garden-writers, whose honest text shows plainly enough for the most part the crook of the rough forefinger that traced it; but it is a little strange that none of the recent growth of "garden-books" (or almost none, to be prudent: for that field of literature widens beyond all following) with their qualities of lettered and artistic taste, should have touched upon a feature which must in nine cases out of ten be dominant in the garden-ground.

Happy they who can afford to be wholly their own gardeners, whose demesne so nicely squares with their energy and leisure that it can be tended from crocus to chrysanthemum, without the intrusion of a strange hand. Happy, but too few: that all gardens should be of such a size as to be manageable by the owner single-handed is a counsel of perfection. An active man, an early riser, not averse to overtime in summer evenings, not unduly distracted by society or books, might manage an acre, rightly distributed in grass and arable; from this unit (a deduction of long and faithful practice, be it said) everyone may calculate his or her proper superficies of subject earth. But that is Utopian: it is fated nine times out of ten that our most modest

seclusion of shrubberies and herbaceous borders; it is fated without reprieve that our pride of pleached-walks and rose-gardens and pergolas shall be shared the year round, daybreak to dusk, with a personage who may possibly make such a discord with the scene as his favourite collocation of scarlet geraniums and blue lobelia but faintly figures.

The most grievous of these garden incubuses may be dismissed—in theory at least—summarily. No one with the least understanding of the true meaning of a garden would endure the thought of the scientific Scot who will turn your Paradise into a fruit and flower factory, where grey walls, concrete-covered and wired, bear monstrous pears at arithmetical distances, where crunching gravel walks lead smooth and straight between the labelled groups of faultless specimens; or of the prize-hunter whose watchful eye follows your progress through the glass-houses, lest in your vulgar admiration you should pick some bloom intended for connoisseurs of his own rank; or of him whose cast-iron brain produces those yearly coruscations of pelargonium and ageratum, immutable as the Zodiac; or, in a humbler sphere, of the impostor who prunes your roses with the lawn-shears, and digs over your bulb-border before you come down to breakfast.

Putting aside such coarser types as these, we may try to arrive at an idea of what the gardener should be in gardens where a mercenary hand is inevitable. In humbler plots something may be done by devolution of the rougher tasks to unskilled labour:—a "weeding-woman" such as Gilbert White employed; a boy, perhaps, if kept at rigorous tether; even a jobbing-man once or twice a week, if he be of gentler mould—there are instances of jobbing-men, even of the suburban variety, having been tamed—may serve to bring the work within compass of the master's hand. But in the case where a gardener or gardeners are an unavoidable drawback to a property, are there any general principles discoverable, by which the workman may be made to harmonise tolerably with the environment?

We may pronounce, perhaps, that in the first place repose is necessary. Restfulness is under the present conditions more than ever the prime duty of a garden; and of all things the gardener must make no discord here. A man who hurried or fussed about his mowing or his seed-drills, would destroy the charm of the most peaceful sanctuary; a fidgety over-neatness with rake and broom goes far towards doing it. We may require, too, something of a natural conservatism, perhaps even of a reactionary tendency. If you can find a man who would rather use the scythe on the lawns than the mowing-machine, you will probably have lighted on a spirit of the right temper—and your lawns will presently be a new pleasure.

External picturesqueness, it is regretfully to be admitted, is too scarce a commodity to come into a practical reckoning; yet, other things being equal, an eye should be had to it. If you have the choice, it is better your Jacobean formal garden should be tended by an ancient in well-worn velveteens and leggings, than by a youth spruce in the garments of the hour that must sweat her sixty minutes to the death. It is a matter one cannot much meddle with; fortunately Nature works through wear and tear and weather at all times towards her own over-ruling harmonies.

The ideal gardener should be generally silent; a talker spoils all. He should be a native of the soil, if possible; and if he has had twenty years' service in which to grow into his place so much the better for the chances of peace. Add sobriety, diligence, and the rest of the academic virtues, and the theory of the harmonious gardener is tolerably complete. It is a shy-fruiting theory, and may produce a perfect specimen of a practical man once in a century. There is, in a southern county, a certain great old garden of yew hedges and terraces and red lichen-dappled walls, fortunate, above its gift of incomparably tempered soil and climate, in being ruled within living memory by two men whose combined natures would go far to make the ideal character. Of Peter Mant, the head, it was hard to say how far he had made the garden, or the garden him, so intermixed was the thought of the brooding serenity in that smiling corner of the world, of the rich prosperity of the fruit quarters, of the exact, yet liberal,

order of all things, with the thought of the fine antique presence, the well-considered speech, and the manners and the wisdom learned in larger times than ours. He seemed to have something of Nature's own quietism, found perhaps in those summer dawns when, long before his lieutenants of a lazier day were abroad, or the house had opened an eye, he mowed the silvery lawn, the lovely, lonely world all his own; in darkest December he turned his composts with the seasoned faith that spring was close behind. He died, as was fit, in a fine late autumn, dropping at last like a noble Beurré, satisfied that his main triumph, a flaked carnation sport, was proved "constant"; and left a memory that still haunts and still helps to order those trim walks and quiet bowers.

His second in command, old Will, gave to the garden that supreme air of leisure which made it seem a sort of peculiar, beyond the common jurisdiction of Time. Old Will's days unwound themselves imperceptibly slow; his work grew under his hands invisibly, with the growth of a tree, and with its final solidity. With even pace and ancient method he rounded out his tasks, achieving more, perhaps, by mere continuity than many a spryer hand. No ordinary sort of rest would have been any refreshment from those slumbrous movements; if Will's dreams o' nights were no staid phantasmagoria than most men's, it must have been the waking to the solemn ease of daylight that brought him his repose. Sundays broke needlessly upon his perpetual Sabbath; his allotment-garden served to fill that weekly gap in his scheme of life. He moved with Nature's own step: his activities (to profane his quality by such a word) went through their cycle smoothly as the lapse of the seasons. His way of life brought him well-nigh intact to his ninetieth year; then, though it would be hard to say that his bodily frame showed any decline of energy, his spirit became altogether too liberal in its count of time, and he was relieved of the importunity of fact, of the restless haste (for so it came to be to him) of the growing season and the changing year. For a twelvemonth he kept a pensionary holiday, creeping about the quarters he could not leave; and with his departure a ruder air, with the sound of outer strife, seemed to invade the precincts and enforce the neglected truth how much the gardener may make the garden that he tends.

"LYRE AND LANCET."

WERE this an agony column—a column in which one pays to write little about things which matter much, and not a column in which one is paid to write much about things which matter little—I might go so far as to insert in it the following words: "F. A. Return to earlier manner and all shall be forgiven. MAX." Situated as I am, I must go further, amplifying the ample.

Emphasis is a great help in such cases, and I say emphatically that "Lyre and Lancet", the new play by Mr. Anstey, produced at the Royalty Theatre, will not do at all. From the author of "The Man from Blankney's" one has the right to demand something infinitely better. In Mr. Anstey, as a writer, are two main ingredients: observation, imagination. None has a keener ear than his for the superficial oddities of human converse and character as exemplified by the people whom he has studied. These oddities he catches very neatly for us, and preserves them for us in a spirit of gentle malice. He is not a satirist. His malice does not go deep enough for that. He merely hears, and remembers, and laughs, and makes us laugh with him. Such is the one side of Mr. Anstey's equipment. The other side is his power of fantastic realism—his power of combining ludicrously the humdrum with the impossible. The Pagan statue comes to life in the Chelsea studio, the outer semblance of Mr. and Master Bultitude is transmuted, the authentic genie surges voluminous from the neck of a brass bottle bought in Wardour Street; and not only are we tickled by the stark anomaly itself, and

by the ingenious multitude of anomalies that follow, but also we are illuminated by an implicit and accidental criticism of life and character. Not Apollo in Picardy himself, nor any of the Gods in exile, drew for us sharper the contrast between the new world and the old than did Mr. Anstey's absurd "Tinted Venus". Pater and Heine were conscious teachers, and Mr. Anstey came but as a careless jester; but its form gave to his jest an inevitable significance. Likewise in "Vice Versa". Never have we seen so far into the soul of an affluent respectable, middle-aged merchant as through the boyish body of Mr. Bultitude; nor was the generic schoolboy ever so intelligible to us as when Master Bultitude became his own father. Nothing is so instructive as contrast. Things which are misty on their own plane become on another suddenly clear and obvious. In virtue of his very frivolity Mr. Anstey is a teacher, and from his romantic inventions more food for thought can be extracted than from a whole libraryful of solemnly realistic and didactic fiction. Well! Either of Mr. Anstey's two powers is suitable to the stage. The first he used triumphantly in "The Man from Blankney's". During the whole three acts nothing at all happened. There was merely a group of eccentric types making conversation. But, from first to last, so truly rang that idiotic conversation, so exactly did it tally with our experience of those types as they are, or with our imagination of them as they must be, that the play (which was not a play) never for a moment palled on us. The authentic manner of the middle-class—not of those extreme wings which we call the upper-middle and the lower-middle, but rather of that greater, more secret body which may be defined as the midmost-middle—was revealed to us in all its nakedness; and, as the midmost-middle is the one class which breeds no playgoers, needless to say that everyone in the audience was entranced.

In "Lyre and Lancet" Mr. Anstey has provided two groups of types: types of the aristocracy, types of the lower classes. These, however, happen to be not at all delightful. They do not tally with our experience of aristocrats and plebeians as they are, or with our imagination of them as they must be. Even as burlesques, they give us no pleasure, having no discernible basis in fact. As figments, moreover, they are stale. Mr. Anstey seeks to initiate us into a house named Wyvern Court, above and below stairs. But either he has never been there, or he has been there blindfold. A pompous butler, dropping his aspirates; a housekeeper, perpetually hoping there will not be a "contretong"; a chef proclaiming in broken English the glories of his art—we know them to be phantoms, dismal phantoms raised from the yellowing pages of Early-Victorian wags. Above stairs the atmosphere is hardly fresher. We are confronted by the haughty dowager so well known to us in Mr. George Edwardes' musical comedies, and by the hearty squire who sees no harm in anyone or anything, and by the heavy dragoon who twists his moustache and says "What?" at the close of every sentence. In somewhat closer relation to actuality is the nondescript young man whose mission in life is to wear an elaborate smoking-suit and say subacid things about the other people staying in the house. But even he belongs to at least a decade ago, and is no longer a profitable theme: Mr. Street, once and for all, wrung out of him, as "Tubby", all the essential fun. However, the lapse of one decade is better than the lapse of five; and Mr. Ernest Lawford, as Bertie Pilliner, has proportionately the chance (which he takes) of shining among the other members of the cast. I was forgetting that there is one other figure which dates no further back than the past decade. This is the figure of a poet who has just published some slight but unpleasant verses "in a little pink book all over silver cutlets" and is accordingly the talk of the town. The part is well played by Mr. Cosmo Stuart, who puts into it an amount of brio worthy of a contemporary cause, and, by making up as a French poet of this moment, helps us to forget that he is portraying an English type now obsolete. In the whole play these two are the only characters which are not quite frigid and perfunctory. Phantoms they are, but of men who have existed. The rest are

phantoms of figments which were dull even when they were new. I urge Mr. Anstey back to the portrayal of that midmost-middle-class which really interests him, and about which he can tell us subtle truths.

The kind of puppets with which the little stage of the Royalty Theatre is so sadly overcrowded would be all very well in a rattling farce. In their first form, both "The Man from Blankney's" and "Lyre and Lancet" appeared in the pages of "Punch". But, whereas Mr. Anstey, translating his first tale to the stage, let the plot of it go hang, he has evidently felt that the plot of his second must never be lost sight of. Conscious of the shortcomings of his puppets, he has called in Mr. Kinsey Peile to preserve in dramatic form the farce which he himself had compassed in literary form. Mr. Peile has done the job quite neatly. But his skill is all in vain. The materials on which he was set to work precluded success. The farce invented by Mr. Anstey was not rattling; or, rather, its rattle was too dry, too hollow. What could be drier, hollower than the sound of this? A squire telegraphs for a vet' to come and prescribe for one of his horses. On the same day is expected by his wife the poet whom I have already mentioned. The vet' has lately bred a prize bull-dog. It is named "Andromeda". The title of the poet's volume is also "Andromeda". The vet' arrives at the house before the poet, and is mistaken for him. The poet is subsequently mistaken for the vet'. Each is treated accordingly, and cannot understand why.

I do not make the assumption that a case of mistaken identity can yield no fun. "Vice Versa" itself was founded on such a case. But in "Vice Versa" the two mistaken characters were conscious of the mistake, and the greater part of the fun was in the frantic endeavours of the one character to reveal himself, and in the stolid pleasure which the other took in continuing the mystification. Here the fun is chiefly the fun of verbal cross-purposes. The vet' is asked when the next edition of "Andromeda" may be expected; the poet is asked if he has a horse of his own, and replies that he has one which soars on wings to the empyrean; and so on, and so on, endlessly. Of course, as in "Vice Versa", there is the fun that comes of one character being treated with greater deference than he is used to, and the other with less. But in "Vice Versa" there was the strong contrast between what is expected by an elderly parent and what is expected by a brat of a boy at a private school. Here the difference is merely between a third-rate poet and a first-rate vet'. The fun is accordingly moderate. And it is quite a relief when the authors, failing in further invention, cause their characters to dance the lancers and have done with it.

Next time, let Mr. Anstey rely again on himself, and not on Mr. Kinsey Peile and the lancers. Let him lend again to dramaturgy his true talent. "Rubbish may be shot here" is too often the motto that haunts a clever writer who comes to the threshold of the theatre. To shoot that rubbish is for him not even commercially remunerative. No dramatist who does less than his best can hope to thrive. The rubbish that succeeds is always that of rubbishy writers. Two demons confront the clever writer who gives himself to theatrical work. The one demon is there to prevent his best work from being appreciated, the other to prevent his second-best work from being appreciated. The one demon occasionally relents: did it not relent over "The Man from Blankney's"? The other is always inexorable.

MAX.

THE PELICAN AND BRITISH EMPIRE LIFE OFFICES.

IT is officially announced that the Pelican and British Empire Life Offices will amalgamate, provided the necessary consent is obtained from the policy-holders

of the British Empire and the shareholders of the Pelican. This consent will doubtless be very willingly given, since the fusion of the two companies presents advantages to the policy-holders of the British Empire and to the shareholders of the Pelican.

Inasmuch as the Pelican is a proprietary company and the British Empire is a mutual office the amalgamation takes the form of the British Empire being taken over by the Pelican; but as the manager of the British Empire is to become the manager of the future Pelican and British Empire Life Office, while the manager of the Pelican becomes a director of the new company, it is perhaps more likely that the policy for the future will resemble more closely that of the company which is taken over than that of the office which is nominally the purchaser. The success of an insurance company very largely depends upon the capacity and energy of its manager, and in this respect the combined offices are fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. G. H. Ryan. It is not unkind to the British Empire to say that its career in the remote past has not been invariably successful, and failures or mistakes in the past are in the case of a life assurance company a terrible handicap to success, but in spite of this the British Empire under its present management has made remarkable progress, not only in magnitude but in the still more important features of much stronger reserves, economy in expenditure, and improvement in bonus results and bonus prospects. The energy and the enterprise with which it has been directed have accomplished much in the face of many difficulties.

The Pelican, on the other hand, has possessed the highest of reputations ever since its formation more than a century ago but has perhaps lacked the vigour of management necessary to take full advantage, not only of its reputation, but of its valuable connexion. The combined offices will, therefore, start on their career with a great reputation and a capable energy of control which places prosperity and success beyond question.

The terms agreed upon provide that the existing business of the British Empire shall be managed at a fixed expenditure of 10 per cent. of the premium income, thus effecting a large saving of which the holders of existing policies will reap the benefit in the form of increased bonuses. The funds of the British Empire are to be held as a separate trust, so that their profit from interest will be unaffected by the amalgamation. They receive the additional, though unnecessary security of the Pelican share capital. Their policies will still participate on the mutual plan, so that while receiving certain substantial benefits they are not adversely affected in any single detail.

It is not improbable that existing policy-holders of the Pelican may find their future bonuses larger than before, but whether this be so or not they will undoubtedly have the satisfaction of belonging to a company of greater importance than the Pelican was by itself. The shareholders of the latter office, by securing the connexions of the British Empire, and by the increased business that is sure to come, both from greater energy in the management, and from the larger magnitude of the company, should undoubtedly experience an increase in dividends. The fusion, therefore, benefits all those at present concerned in either company.

With regard to the future the combined offices will possess many advantages and offer many attractions which neither office by itself could show. When magnitude is accompanied by merit there are undoubted advantages in magnitude, and the numerous amalgamations which have taken place in recent years seem to render it more than ever advisable for companies of moderate size to become, by amalgamation, larger and more important offices. One very practical advantage likely to result is that the system of branches throughout the country can be worked to much greater advantage by a large company than by a small. The management of the Pelican and the British Empire will know full well how to use to the best advantage the benefits which a singularly well-selected combination will bring about.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HUSTLING AWAY OF JAMES II.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Union Club, Trafalgar Square, S.W.

9 November, 1902.

SIR,—Your correspondent "F. C. H." is not quite correct as to his facts.

The statue referred to by Evelyn in connexion with the name of Tobias Rustat was one not of James II. but of Charles I. or II. and mention is made of it in the diary under date 24 July 1680, not 31 December 1686. It was an equestrian statue by Gibbons "cast in copper and set on a rich pedestal of white marble".

Can "F. C. H." be confusing the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross with that of James II. at Whitehall?

Your obedient servant,

C. W.

DMS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 Worsley Road, Hampstead, 13 November, 1902.

SIR,—May I endorse the protest of your correspondent last week that the recumbent statue of James II. may not be replaced on its former pedestal but set up in some situation where it will be less hopelessly out of keeping with its surroundings? In its previous incongruous position it irresistibly reminded one of the daughter of Zion in a garden of cucumbers, or a derelict Priapus that had outlived its function of overawing the Whitehall sparrows.

Yours faithfully,

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

THE PRICE OF ASSISTANT MASTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

King's College, Cambridge, 15 November, 1902.

SIR,—In your interesting article of to-day on "The Price of Assistant Masters" you say that "at Cambridge the arrangements made for training secondary teachers have so far been for women". This is not quite accurate. We have had a secondary training college for men in operation for four years, and I venture to send you a copy of our regulations and of the journal which is common to that and the primary department.

Believe me yours faithfully,

OSCAR BROWNING.

[We are obliged to Mr. Oscar Browning for calling attention to the oversight, which we regret.—ED. S.R.]

THE KENYON-SLANEY AMENDMENT AND THE EXPLANATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 November, 1902.

SIR,—Wise as the serpent, harmless as the fox the Government shows itself in that bait to tempt the Bishops:—the "explanation" concerning the Kenyon-Slaney Amendment. Bishops may not see this; those who will have the music of the parish troubles consequent to face, I fancy, will. Even at the best no bishop distant from villages which seldom or never see him has any chance against the uneducated lay village bully who can always control his peers. The explanation and the amendment ought to rankle also in the hearts of English Churchmen, because the amendment is as unfair to the Roman, the Nonconformist, and the Jew as it is to their own Church, and the explanation is simply vicious in its oneness.

Lord Hugh Cecil's position seems quite right. Let him fight on. I think there will be those who will follow if he does.—Yours faithfully,

A COUNTRY VICAR.

GREEK AT OXFORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The College, Lurgan, 16 November.

SIR,—In the reports which I have seen of the recent debate at Oxford on compulsory Greek at Responsions, no allusion was made to the disabilities under which classical candidates labour in being compelled to take mathematics. And yet in my own Oxford experience I have known classical men of good ability sorely hampered by the mathematics required at Responsions, and compelled to give up the University rather than mar their future by continued trials to pass.

As to the educational value of Responsions mathematics, one can safely say that it is still less than that of the Greek. If, then, we are to relieve the mathematical or science man of Greek at Responsions, we must in justice relieve the classical man of his mathematics.

Yours, &c.

JAMES COWAN.

PLAINSONG FOR ENGLISH WORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 November, 1902.

SIR,—With reference to the remarks by J. F. R. in to-day's issue of SATURDAY REVIEW I wish that when J. F. R. dogmatizes in this manner upon the suitability of plainsong for English words, he would give his reasons. It is not a matter of theory but of practice, and unless he has formed his judgment after hearing plainsong sung as it is done, for instance, at S. John's, Cowley, his judgment cannot be worth much. If he has only judged from hearing it in churches which the Solesmes revival has not reached, he has not the material for drawing a sound conclusion. I can only say that as a matter of practical experience other people do not find plainsong unsuited to English words.

Yours truly,

E. G. P. WYATT.

OLDER EDINBURGH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Northern Club, Edinburgh,

18 November, 1902.

SIR,—In your article of 15 November on "Older Edinburgh" it is stated that "The 470 ministers who had followed Dr. Chalmers from the Assembly Hall on the Castle Hill to" &c. May I be allowed to correct this? The assembly from which Dr. Chalmers and the "470" broke off was held in S. Andrew's Church, George Street—the actual numbers were 193, of whom about 123 were ministers and about 70 elders—the total number of ministers who left the Scottish Establishment was 481, but only a proportion of these sat in the Assembly.

I am, yours faithfully,

R. J. HUNTER.

BAD LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Weir Cottage, Ludlow, 17 November.

SIR,—Since a long time I have understood the word "bloody" to be nothing more than a corruption of "By our Lady!" It seems a more likely derivation than the one ingeniously suggested by Mr. Upward. Speaking as a woman whose profession has taken her among all three of the great classes which go to the making of English national life, I have not found the bad language of the lower class more painful than other little habits which they indulge in whether in our streets or lanes.

But Plato's mythus of the three metals needs more remembering.

"All ye in the city, therefore, are brothers, but God when he made you, mixed gold in the generation of some, and silver in others; and in the husbandmen and all other handicraftsmen iron and brass." This would help us to forbear from quarrelling with the coarser metal, which, though sterling metal of its kind, is coarser after all.

Yours truly,

DOROTHY OSBORN.

REVIEWS.

THE RENAISSANCE.

"The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. I.: The Renaissance." Cambridge: at the University Press. 1902. 16s. net.

THE two epochs round which the interest of historian and student chiefly centres to-day are without doubt the early Principate of Rome and the Renaissance and Reformation. The former implies the conscious surrender and resignation of power, the end of the "State of War", as Hobbes would say. The second is the challenge of a revived individualism against this principle of authority long dominant. Between these stretches an interval of fifteen hundred years, a period of tutelage and apprenticeship. For the fatigued civilisation of the Mediterranean the mild suzerainty and protection of the Empire sufficed; for the barbarian settlers the spiritual coercion of the Church. Both institutions claimed to cover, to explain, to regulate, the whole of human life; though the latter maintained far higher pretensions to close and minute supervision. The movement towards emancipation began early and was confined to the region of dogma and speculation. For beneath the two unities of mediæval Christendom, Empire and Papacy (in theory supreme), there seethed a turbulent liberty in practice, which amply satisfied the adventurous or seditious propensities of the average man. Thus the earlier reconquest of the independent spirit restricted its demands to the sphere of reason; gradually withdrew from the dictation of infallible authority the principles of morals and the doctrines of the faith; set up private judgment as the final court of appeal; and issued after a long and sometimes unsuspected rivalry in a complete Teutonic independence, of conscience or of scientific research. The spiritual pedigree of Luther comprises such widely different characters as Abelard, Occam, S. Thomas and the Schoolmen, the Abbot Joachim, Eckhart and the German mystics; and all the revolt of human intellectualism would have failed against the "impregnable rock" of Rome, had not its own defenders undermined it; for the entire task of the scholastics was to supersede the external edict of authority by the cold light of an abstract ratiocination, and to refer ultimately to the sanction of pure reason for the validity of Church dogma. Now with a deepening sense of the value and the pathos of individual life comes a reaction in favour of practical against theoretic reason. And to Luther, it is not the speculative intellect that is set free, but the conscience; not the universal rules of logic, but the particular and the concrete; the needs of the practical life, the emotions of the heart.

The current of emancipation with its varied tributaries of independent rationalism, pagan averroism, scholastic acumen, and mystic piety, owed not a little besides to that stirring of dry bones which we call the Renaissance. The movement of revived scholarship and humanism was at first entirely free from any obvious or intentional conflict with dogma or authority. The Renaissance was merely the reopening of the closed door of secular history and literature; it had no necessary connexion with scepticism or defiance. Yet in the crowning of Petrarch on the Capitol, and in the tribunate of Rienzi, we note the symbol of the new autonomy, claimed first for thought, and then for political development. It was impossible to avoid a rupture. On the one hand a growing tendency to verify traditional knowledge by induction; on the other, a rising admiration for the art, the letters, the characters, the institutions of an antiquity, which had owed no allegiance to the corrupt or ineffective universals of Pope and Emperor; which was independent of Revelation and yet in great measure ethically superior to the practice of Christendom. What is curious and significant is the length of time before this political freedom was achieved; how exclusively the battle raged around the sole question of intellectual liberty. In fact the revival of learning, the sophisticated sense of subjective worth, the adventurous curiosity in all departments of knowledge and discovery, the untrammelled audacity of unbelief or social intrigue

—led at once and of necessity to the centralised autocracy of the sixteenth century. The successful rebels merely substituted one master for another; and the State, conscious of a universal aim, subordinating the citizen to a common welfare, ending the feuds of civic rivalry and aristocratic particularism—presses heavily on individual liberty, and avenges (illogically enough) its dethroned and hated rival the Church. The Renaissance, with all its atomism and empty parade of republicanism or the dominion of talent, ends abruptly in political slavery. In Machiavelli, in Hobbes, a hundred and fifty years later, we see the scientific justification from the needs of Italy or the needs of man of the modern State, fully equipped and all-embracing. Again was needed an intellectual movement to overthrow the new tyrant, and the French Illumination culminates in the Revolution without disturbing the omnipotence of the State, or achieving its end in securing independence or detachment of individual life. And the real problem to-day is not the precise form of government (which is immaterial), but the limits of State interference, the careful balance of the "rights of man" and the necessities of national welfare. What answer can we give to the question Shall government be entrusted to the expert or the amateur?

In the wide enrichment and variegation of personal life in this period, in the casting off of rusty shackles and empty pedantries, the main historic interest attaches to the consolidation of this new power—the power of the State. The present volume, first in Lord Acton's projected series, is occupied entirely with this development. Every chapter seems half unconsciously to lead up to this. The mediæval monarch depending on precarious "domain" and occasional "aids" for the cost of administration, for war on doubtful levies among reluctant vassals, merely "first among his peers", and exercising direct authority only over his own tenants and the great lords; this figure, superseding itself, (as Hegel quaintly says) passes away to give place to the modern Sovereign, "throned in majestic isolation and impartiality" in immediate relation to every subject, and supported by a standing army and an annual revenue. Others will no doubt according to their temper find here valuable material for realising the domestic, social, literary, intellectual side of European life in the fifteenth century. But the historic critic must fix his eyes in the main upon political development. As the commercial "knights" of Rome, superseding an incompetent senate in all but the insignia of office, called in the strong hand in the interests of order—as the literary talent of the Augustan age warmed itself before a genial central fire of personified statecraft—so mercantile expansion and intensified intellectual life welcomed the sovereigns of consolidation, Ferdinand and Charles in Spain, Lewis XI. in France and the Tudors in England. The chief interest of the individual life was not enterprise of knight errantry but a burgher's security; the chief aim of the State, to police and to centralise. A national instinct supplants a mere civic patriotism, and the industrial order and municipal and trade prosperity found a ready champion and sympathiser in the monarch. He lost the selfish egoism of a Machiavellian "Prince" in the wider interests of national policy, in the high consciousness of his representative mission. Lewis XIV. may indeed arrogantly exclaim "l'état c'est moi" but the converse is equally true that he has merged his private aims in the public welfare, and has identified his own with the public good. At present the only sense is gratitude for deliverance from many masters; the evils of centralisation, stagnation, tutelage, soulless automatism, corrupt bureaucracy, failure in emergency, have not yet become prominent. Clearly for France, in a lesser degree for England also and for Spain, monarchy was the "sole hope" of safety. Not that a personal sovereign is essential to the scheme either of Machiavelli or of Hobbes, or indeed to modern socialism; but because at that period the rule of one representative of the national will seemed infinitely preferable to a languid or turbulent Parliamentarism; and because a popular mandate will always be best embodied in an individual to the end of time. A "Committee of Public Safety", an annual Parliament, can dissolve into component atoms

and is in the last resort irresponsible and unrepresentative. This era sees not only the curbing of chivalrous license, but at the same time the extinction of so-called popular liberties.

The plan of the work is admirable; "a series of monographs", as Bishop Creighton calls it, by experts, in a connected order, but not from a rigid standpoint. "Footnotes are deliberately excluded"; and there are few quotations from original sources. It cannot be denied that the result of this communistic labour is excellent. There is a sense of completeness and independence in each section; and the effect on the reader's mind is clear and distinct; a due proportion and co-ordination of the parts emphasises the main outlines; and an extensive if not exhaustive bibliography directs the student who is still unsatisfied from the general survey of the text to the particular bye-paths of research. For such a method of recording history there is much to be said. The average reader has no leisure to verify quotations; nor to sift the material of contemporary annalists. In his own department we must trust the specialist, both as to dates and facts, as well as for interpretation of characters and ætiology of events. A series of such essays, only loosely connected, is the best introduction to closer work, because it is only after a comprehensive glance at a whole period that the reader gets a clue to special threads. Some pages are filled with dates and names, a perfect mine of accurate information; others are philosophical and reflective; and yet there is no incompatibility between the two kinds, nor are we obliged (as in Gibbon) to seek the really salient details of value in the margin, while reading with unconvinced delight his glittering generalisations in the text above. Studious fairness is aimed at and obtained; though perhaps we may wonder at Dr. Barry's prejudice against Occam, "a system sensuous and sceptic", or his sacrifice of Alexander VI. and Julius II. as scapegoats, while extolling the general morality of the clergy. (It is noticeable indeed that a Protestant writer earlier in the volume is scrupulously just to the Renaissance pontiffs.) The general level of literature style and arrangement is a high one; the single exception, we regret to say, is the astonishing essay on the Tudors by Dr. James Gairdner, written in the manner of a school exercise, a dull compilation and quite unworthy of the rest of the volume. Both Mr. Payne's essays on the "Discoveries" are good, sound, clear, practical; and Professor Bury does full justice to the equitable administration and warlike vigour of the Ottomans in that self-restrained style of his which seems to shrink from emphasis or adornment. Italy, the prominent subject, is treated by Mr. Leathes as to her French invaders, and his clear narrative of a complicated period is diversified by acute remarks on the change from mediæval to modern ideas—by Mr. Armstrong on Savonarola, —a graphic and telling essay we would not willingly miss, but to our mind occupying a disproportionate space for such a transient phase of revivalism; by Mr. Burd on Machiavelli, a thoroughly trustworthy record of the life, and (more difficult task) of the views of this earliest theorist of the modern State; by Dr. Garnett on the Papal rule and its grand revival of territorial sovereignty at the beginning of the sixteenth century; by Dr. Horatio Brown on Venice—an excellent piece of clear history and sympathetic criticism; by Sir R. Jebb on the Renaissance movement generally, where, without much pretension to original treatment of a familiar topic, the development of the literary revival is well set out. Two general essays, from the liberal Catholic and the Protestant side, conclude the volume; in the former we are advised of the many wholesome features of the Church even under the thralldom of Ultramontaniam; and we cordially agree with the latter essay in the statement that the Reformation was due far more to civil and social causes than to purely doctrinal disputes. "The motives" (says Mr. Lea) "both remote and proximate which led to the Lutheran revolt were largely secular rather than spiritual". There remains Mr. Tout's admirable appreciation of Germany, and of Maximilian's character and career; the very brief but really striking essay by Dr. Emil Reich on the Eastern Kingdoms of Europe, where with odd yet significant contrariety the reverse is seen

of Western consolidation, and the looseness of feudal organisation supersedes a once homogeneous unity. Both essays on the unification of Spain and France are good; and Dr. Ward tells us of the marvellously sudden fall of Burgundy, at one time perhaps the strongest and wealthiest of all Western States, and the complications in Spain and the Netherlands which resulted. By far the most scope for original treatment is given to Dr. Cunningham in the essay on "Economic Change" which is a very valuable contribution from the social side to a proper understanding of this age of transition.

Covering a field so vast and dealing with every side in a period singularly rich in contrasts, anachronisms and forecasts, this work will certainly arouse in detail many criticisms on special points. But in a general review it may be allowed to give unstinted praise to the scope, plan, and execution. With one remarkable exception (not flattering to our national vanity) the volume of essays before us, detached yet co-ordinated, forms the fairest and the most trustworthy guide in passing from mediævalism to modern society,—from the "concrete Monism" of the idealist Church-State to that essential Dualism which is characteristic of our life and thought to-day.

RICHARDSON THE OBSOLESCENT.

"Samuel Richardson." By Austin Dobson. English Men of Letters. London: Macmillan. 1902. 2s. net.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON has written as charming a biography of the little printer of Salisbury Court, who wrote "Pamela", "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison", as the lover of literary gossip could desire. Every page of it abounds in facile references to the society, the literature, and the places famous for their traditions of great or notorious personages, of a period which is more redolent of personalities than any other period of our social or literary history. Mr. Dobson has sketched a large gallery of exquisite little portraits of men and women, and especially of women, who are personally far and away more attractive than Richardson himself; who was perhaps the most uninteresting genius that ever raised the puzzling question of the difference between genius and mediocrity. Most people would have as little patience to read Richardson's voluminous, nay prodigious, mass of correspondence as they would have in reading his nearly obsolete novels; but Mr. Dobson has concealed the nakedness of his hero by wrapping him round with an attendant cloud of the subsidiary characters his correspondents. This is the real interest of the book; for Richardson does not attract us, as do the other great men of his time, by the force of his own personality. Richardson incarnated himself in his three famous books and there is very little of the soul of him to be discovered elsewhere. Not one of his famous contemporaries but was intellectually his superior, and yet the most virile of the men submitted themselves to the spell of his peculiar powers equally with the sentimental women whose mental powers and education were hardly on a lower level than his own. Mr. Dobson does not philosophise much on the sources of Richardson's influence. He does not explain to us why such books as this particular triad should have come at the opportune moment to take all minds and hearts by storm as they did. Perhaps all the secret is that they were the first domestic novels, and Richardson not being equipped for what most writers of that time would have deemed higher flights, and being by nature a teller of stories, as appears from an anecdote of his boyhood, just hit upon what everybody's heart was open to receive. But why the popular heart should have been open at that particular time is a mystery which Mr. Dobson has not explained. Why was it that Richardson's sentiment was so rapturously welcomed and yet we consider it maudlin; and his moralities received as a new evangel, while we regard them as twaddling, and are no more enthusiastic about them than we are about the proverbs of Martin Tupper?

Mr. Dobson tells the story from the outside. It was

so; everybody was agreed that Richardson was a great man and a great writer; and that being admitted Mr. Dobson gratifies us with everything we like to hear about the man whose greatness admits of no doubt. We then get the circle around him; and if the hero personally is rather commonplace yet the circle makes amend; and as Swift was said to be able to write about a broomstick so Mr. Dobson only needs some fixed point in the eighteenth century to start from, and the result is bound to be all that the lover of literary gossip delights in. That is far better than reading the original productions of the great man himself who had not only "longueurs and langueurs" for the readers of his own day but is one continuous longueur and langueur for the readers of the present day with whose subjects they are wholly unsympathetic, and for whom his thoughts and his style have no attraction. Attempts have been made in almost all the countries where Richardson has had a vogue to compress the novels into readable length, but it has always been found that if readers could not tolerate the sentimentality and the moralities they would, as Dr. Johnson said, be so much fretted that they would hang themselves. Mr. Dobson describes the readers who will care for Richardson in the future. His popularity with the public of the circulating library is never likely to revive again. "His popularity is certain with the few—with those who like Horace Walpole, either read what nobody else does, or like Edward FitzGerald and Dr. Jowett, read only what takes their fancy. He must always find readers, too, with the students of literature. He was the pioneer of a new movement: the first certificated practitioner of sentiment: the English Columbus of the analytical novel of ordinary life." He has fallen into the hands of specialists, as other classics have done, and new editions for the public are hopeless.

Why we can no longer tolerate the sentimentality and the moralities is the main question about Richardson, because the answer explains the immense influence he had over his readers not only in England but in other countries, where he had an influence which no other English writer of imaginative literature had obtained before or has had since. The sex question was in one of its perennial crises, and women's thoughts were stirring in many ways. They were restlessly trying to understand themselves as to their social position, their privileges and disabilities, and they were wanting someone to explain their emotions and thoughts, their hearts and their minds to their own selves. They were trying to find themselves, and if they did not aspire to the same things that the women of later emancipation movements have aimed at, they were longing for a vocation, as may be seen from the number of would-be literary women, pathetically ineffectual, who were treated to much the same kind of contempt as a species, which woman as genus received from men in most of the relations of life when she was not in the kitchen. The abductions, seductions, and the various kinds of persecutions and tyrannies of the male sex over the female, which form the staple of eighteenth-century romances, as they do of Richardson's, would only have been possible in a society where woman had not yet attained the primary right of human beings not to be insulted and essentially despised; no matter with what formulas of conventional gallantry the fact might be disguised. If Richardson did not create wonderful women, as Shakespeare had done, he was the first writer who had interpreted for the women of ordinary life the innermost emotions, desires and thoughts of their hearts. He gave them a language; and with the ardent and extravagant enthusiasm of their sex for the man, be he preacher or writer, who can think and feel with them without going beyond their own range of thought and feeling, they repaid his interest in them a thousandfold. Men could not be indifferent when the women were in a high state of excitement; and they learned many things about women from Richardson of which they had no conception and about which they had not troubled themselves to think: so that they were soon as loud as the women in their laudation of him as the master of the human heart, the master who must be placed alongside "Moses, Homer, Euripides and Sophocles" according to the colossal Éloge, as Mr. Dobson calls it, of Diderot.

Richardson exhausted this chapter in woman's history; and the woman's emancipation movement has passed into phases with which no one would have been more horrified than Richardson himself. As he was the most feminine of men writers he had that characteristic of the majority of women, who are always eager to address their sex in similar language to that addressed to a young lady by Richardson "I have been particularly offended, let me tell you, my Dear at your *new Riding Habit*, which is made so extravagantly in the Mode, that one cannot easily distinguish your Sex by it. For you neither look like a *modest Girl* in it nor an *agreeable Boy*". There has been sufficient and to spare of psychological analysis of women on other lines than those cultivated by Richardson, and it has relation to many more developments of the sex question than anything he dreamed of. His analysis is now as hopelessly irrelevant as his machinery of the tyrannical father, the abducted heiress, and the imprisoned virgin, and women no longer recognise themselves either outwardly or inwardly in the pages of Richardson. It is not merely their length that forbids the reading of his "pedestrian pages". They have lost their interest because they never had the qualities of the literature that outlasts the eulogies of contemporaries. Richardson is part of the history of a social and literary phase; and that is why the proper place to study him is in Mr. Dobson's rather than in his own pages.

EXEMPLARY CERVANTES.

"The Exemplary Novels of Cervantes." Edited by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly. Translated by N. MacColl. Glasgow: Gowans and Gray. 1902.

IN an age when so many novels are far from being exemplary (we think we write with the pen of men and angels on this occasion) it is pleasant to have to notice tales which their author evidently thought "were writ to do us good". Cervantes makes one of the characters in "Don Quixote", speaking of the yet unpublished "Exemplary Novels", remark, "enseñan con sus exemplos á huyr vicios y seguir virtudes". What more can the most rigid moralist demand? Now to be moral and to write with "a good purpose" is the aim of everyone who writes for the "millions of the Anglo-Saxon race". Theories of art for art are not for us. We think we do not overstate the case in hinting that the mere fact of having style (except of course a bad style) militates against a writer in the English press. The public, like an honest truffle dog, unerringly unearths all that is bad, and sets it on a pinnacle to praise. Turn quite unbiassed and quite sober writers upon art into the gallery at Madrid, and if no previous Whistlerian poison has been injected in their brains, they will at once rush to Murillo with delight, and look at Goya and Velasquez with disgust. One they can understand because of his convention, but the others who endeavour to depict us life after the fashion that they saw it, are quite impossible to understand. In fact, in our own heart of hearts, we do not suffer any individual point of view, and never see a horse or cow with our own eyes, but through the spectacles of Landseer, Sidney Cooper, or of Binks. Which brings us by a natural transition to the translation of Cervantes' tales.

These twelve tales, for even critics might allow that the writer was the best judge of the exact number of them—and he says in his "Letter Dedictory" "se le envió, como quien dice nada, doce cuentos"—have long ago, so to speak, put a literary girdle round the world. The quidnuncs—and literature has to the full as many of them as she needs—have often tried to make the twelve thirteen. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly in his monumental preface notes this matter with much humour, forgetting that humour is a sure passport to distrust, and that the public who may forgive a wit, partly because he is not in the main within the compass of their minds, never forget a humorist, and think him light metal, and capable of cracking jokes on serious themes, such as the income tax. Still it is matter of congratulation to the Britannic world of letters that we

have someone who can hold his own in Spanish literature with the French and German scholars, who have made Spanish particularly their own field. This Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly can clearly do, not in the admirable manner set forth by academic cliques, consisting of disparagement of others' work and an amount of costiveness in the production of anything off their own bats which honours their discretion, but by a solid piece of literary criticism such as the introduction to the present work. Much does the present generation owe to writers such as Mr. Kelly who have preserved for us the kindly touches prevalent in Spain in the sixteenth century between the various writers, for thus we see that the known charity and toleration which we discern to-day in literary circles is inherited, and that a gentle spirit, once fairly fledged, wings its sweet course through Grub Street for all time.

On p. xxv, Note 4, it thus appears that the chronicler Francisco de Ariño sets down that being in a church he saw Cervantes, and describes him as "un poeta fanfarrón", in the same kindly way that poets of to-day review each other's sempiternal works. Cervantes certainly was an unlucky poet, and had the itch of wishing to write poor verse, having the power to write the finest prose; but still Liston is said to have been persuaded that his forte was tragedy, and we can forgive much halting verse to the lame hand that wrote the noble preface to the "Exemplary". Where in the course of literature can one hope to find a finer picture painted with a pen than that Cervantes painted of himself? "Este que veis aqui de rostro aguileño, de cabello castaño, frente lisa, y desembarazada, de alegres ojos, y de nariz corva, aunque bien proporcionada, las barbas de plata, que no ha veinte años que fueron de oro, &c." The portrait is so lifelike and so true to those we have of him that the "lector amantísimo" need not regret the picture by "el famoso Don Juan de Jáuregui" to which Cervantes alludes, before he takes his pen in hand to paint. In the translation of the preface Mr. MacColl appears more happy than in the actual tales, which though in the main carefully rendered yet give the impression of being done by one not conversant with Spanish except in books. On several occasions things are left quite without elucidation, with the result that the idea remains upon an English reader's mind that Cervantes must on occasion either have been a fool, or else that his literary gifts were intermittent, and not always at command. In "The Dogs' Colloquy" which we submit would have looked better as "Colloquy of the Dogs", the following passage thus appears: "At this moment the owner of the flock came up, riding a silver-grey mare with short stirrups, &c." The phrase "with short stirrups" in this instance means nothing at all to the "lector amantísimo ingles". Why should Cervantes have set down that the man rode with short rather than with long stirrups? Neither detail is essential to the descriptions in which Cervantes excelled. Further on he says (of the same man) that he carried a lance and buckler "so that he resembled a coastguard rather than a flockmaster". This at once gives the note, for evidently even in the time of Cervantes, men in Spain did not ride round their flocks armed with swords and bucklers.

Cervantes wrote "llegó a este instante el señor del ganado sobre una yegua rucia á la ginetá". To translate "á la ginetá" by "with short stirrups" is to do the reader an injustice. In the saddle known as "á la ginetá" most certainly the stirrups used were short, for with few alterations it is the saddle used throughout North Africa to-day. To ride "á la ginetá" was to ride in the high-cantled saddle of the Moors, with the flat Arab stirrup-irons, which necessarily were worn short, as, being so heavy, when used long they are apt to wound the horse if lost in galloping. The other way of riding amongst mediæval Spaniards was known as "á la brida", and the seat was that adopted by the Mexicans and cowboys of to-day. A man who rode well in both styles was known as "ginete en ambas sillás" and it was thought so worthy of remark, that not infrequently it was recorded on the tombstone of a knight.

We know from personal experience how hard it is to acquire the art "á la ginetá", after having been accus-

tomed to long stirrups all one's life. Little archaisms, as "buck-basket" for washing basket, do not seem to get us any further into the atmosphere of Seville in the time in which Cervantes wrote. In fact nothing is foolisher than to suppose that language which is out of date in any way gives "ancient" colour to a book. Apart from one or two coxcombs of this sort, and a certain air of unfamiliarity with the language of the original, the translation is well and carefully done, and gives the spirit of the Spanish as well perhaps as it is possible to be rendered into a foreign tongue. The proverbs in especial, of which Cervantes had a goodly store, are well expressed in English, and still retain some of their Attic salt, and the bad verses of which Cervantes was so fond are no whit poorer than in their native dress. Especially we congratulate Mr. MacColl on his faithful translation of certain passages, quite harmless in themselves, but Biblically outspoken in their clean simplicity. No one is forced to translate a book, but when it is translated no one has a right to expurgate, especially when no expurgation is needed. It is a pity that the admirable preface should be entombed in print so nearly microscopical as to be almost impossible to read, but then the book is an attempt to place good literature at a moderate price before a public which delights to pay high prices for Corelli, Caine and Stephen Phillips.

MR. KRUGER AT A FANCY PRICE.

"The Memoirs of Paul Kruger, Four Times President of the South African Republic." Told by Himself. London: Unwin. 1902. 32s.

IF this book had been a faithful record of the mental phases of the most remarkable and in some respects the most pathetic character that the Boer race has produced, it would have had a real literary interest. As it is, the one valuable quality which it might have possessed—originality—has been sacrificed to the childish desire to present the author to the world in the guise of a man of education. We are not surprised to find that those who are responsible for the publication of this book should have expected so small a public that they set the, surely, fancy price of thirty-two shillings upon it; and that lest it should fall even short of their expectations they should have caused it to be well "gutted" beforehand in the public press. "Told by Himself" is of course merely *façon de parler*. We must turn to matters of comparatively ancient history if we would test the degree in which Mr. Kruger's statements are entitled to respect. One of the best known facts in South African history is the wanton destruction of David Livingstone's house by a Boer commando towards the end of the year 1852—the year of the Sand River Convention. It was this that turned Livingstone from a missionary into an explorer. In his own words, "The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open up the country". Thanks to his own staunchness and genius, to the resolution of his successor, the late John Mackenzie, and to the genius and foresight of Cecil Rhodes, Livingstone's purpose was ultimately carried into effect. This unprovoked outrage upon Livingstone is burlesqued as follows. After charging Livingstone with having "a complete workshop for repairing guns" and with storing a "quantity of materials of war" for the Chief Secheli, Mr. Kruger continues: "Scholtz confiscated the missionary's arsenal, and in consequence the Boers were abused by Livingstone throughout the length and breadth of England and slandered in every possible way as enemies of the missionaries and cruel persecutors of the blacks." The character of Sir Bartle Frere is tolerably well known. However much his action may have been condemned by those who disagreed with him on political grounds, his personal integrity has never been called into question. Mr. Kruger has represented Sir Bartle Frere as being in effect a fourfold liar. Yet in 1879, when Mr. Kruger was face to face with Sir Bartle Frere, he addressed the great pro-consul on a certain public occasion in these terms: "The people and the committee have all conceived great respect for your Excellency, because your Excellency is the first

high official of her Majesty who has laid bare the whole truth, and that esteem will not easily be lost, whatever men may say. . . .” Mr. Kruger has apparently forgotten his remarks on this occasion. They were, however, taken down by the shorthand writer whom Sir Bartle Frere took with him on his perilous excursion to the Transvaal; they were published at the time and are duly recorded in the Blue-books. To take one more instance of Mr. Kruger's grotesque distortions, he writes of Lord Milner that he “had formerly served his country in Egypt, and, if he learnt anything there, it was to look upon the fellahs as creatures of an inferior species”. We can remember meeting in Cairo a French-speaking Syrian—not even an Arab—who held a very subordinate post in the Ministry of Finance. At the mention of Alfred Milner's name the face of this man lit up with pleasure, and his tongue became eloquent in praise of the Englishman whom he had once been proud to know as his official chief.

Mr. Kruger's Memoirs omit one biographical detail which we can supply. He has forgotten to tell us that upon annexation he had the honour of serving the Queen for a brief period. How a little difficulty of arithmetic caused his services to be dispensed with may be learnt by the curious reader from the pages of the Blue-book. As a contribution to history Mr. Kruger's essay deserves the reproof which the Yankee administered to the picturesque raconteur. “I like a good liar, Mister; but you please me overmuch.” Even the pro-Boer faddist will find it useless; his own wares are more fetching than his master's.

THE HEYNOUSE GAOL OF NEUGATE.

“The Old Bailey and Newgate.” By Charles Gordon. London: Unwin. 1902. £1 1s. net.

NEWGATE Prison is disappearing rapidly from the face of the earth, but on the eve of its disappearance it has found a chronicler in Mr. Charles Gordon who relates its strange eventful history from the days in the twelfth century, when it was really the prison of the New Gate House in the Ballium (whence Bailey) or external wall of defence which existed between Ludgate and Newgate. But though its history goes so far back, it was not until the mayoralty of Sir Richard Whittington—as they spelled Whittington in the old days—that it entered on its career as the specifically City prison. It was Sir Richard Whittington who, perhaps about 1420, left funds providing for its rebuilding; for his good heart had been shocked by the state of that “most ouglie and loathsome prison”. In the Liber Albus of the City of London it is narrated how the Prison of Ludgate was to be abolished, and the prisoners removed to Neugate, and how they were removed thither where it happened that “by reason of the fetid and corrupt atmosphere that is in the Heynouse gaol of Neugate, many persons who lately were in the said prison of Ludgate, are now dead who might have been living it is said, if they had remained in Ludgate, abiding in peace there:—and seeing that every person is sovereignly bound to support and be tender of the lives of men the which God has bought so dearly with His precious blood”; therefore new regulations were made. And following thereupon, and on the benefactions of Sir Richard Whittington, the King in 1423 gave licence to the City to pull down and rebuild Newgate. That Newgate is the first representative in picture of all the prisons which were the historic predecessors of the one which is now disappearing. These are all duly chronicled in Mr. Gordon's most grimly interesting history, which is at once a book of antiquities, and a record of crime taken from the annals of the greatest prison of the biggest city in the world. We could not understand the temperament of any reader who could withstand the terrible fascination of its pages. We could indeed understand many persons being too greatly shocked to read the account of such vast cruelties of the olden days, such monstrous crimes of monstrously depraved persons, who here pass under review, had those accounts been given by Mr. Gordon in the spirit of the Newgate

Calendar. Precisely those would be most likely to be shocked who will now best appreciate the reserve with which Mr. Gordon has sketched the loathsome personages, and narrated the loathsome crimes of which he had to tell as the chronicler of Newgate, and the correct feeling and tact which have made these terrible narratives subservient to the proper dignity of a valuable social study.

It is a story of horror, but the horror is caused not more by the criminals and their appalling crimes than by the lurid light it throws on the brutality of the laws, and the callousness with which society tolerated such iniquities as the punishments awarded to trifling crimes, and the horrors that existed in the prisons. We speak often of the change from the eighteenth century to the nineteenth and twentieth as being industrial and economic chiefly; and we deplore the materialist conceptions which we suppose to have attended that change. But in reading Mr. Gordon's book we feel that, after all, we hardly do justice to our own progress which seems to have been, we are driven to admit it with thankfulness, quite as much moral and emotional as materialist and industrial. What must have been the social state which could tolerate the prisons which Howard found so late as 1777 and Mrs. Fry so late as 1813, and which existed even so late as 1857 when the last attempt was made with only partial success to make Newgate moderately decent. The attempt failed and was given up in 1862 from which time “Newgate as a building has no history”. The story is a record of complete oblivion of that noble sentiment of the fifteenth-century writer who believed “that every person is sovereignly bound to support and be tender of the lives of men the which God has bought so dearly with His precious blood”. It would seem that there was a progressive decline in sentiment, or a progressive decline of knowledge and appreciation of the duties of the State as guardians of the people down to the eighteenth century, when the degradation of life seems to have reached a lower point than at any period in our history.

Probably to most readers the greatest interest of Mr. Gordon's book will begin at this point. It seems as if Society were constructed for the special purpose of producing thieves, and scoundrels, and blackguards and murderers of every type; and for driving the poor into crimes which were all of equal severity as to punishment however widely they differed in moral culpability. We read of twenty persons being led out to execution in one batch; not one of whom was guilty of what we should now call a serious crime; and of their embracing and kissing each other on the cheek as they went to their death. Side by side with such scenes as this we have the Jonathan Wilds, the Jack Sheppards, the Claude Duvals, the Macleanes, the George Barringtons, holding their drunken orgies in the gaol, with their levees attended by crowds of women fashionable and unfashionable to whom they were not criminals but heroes. Readers of eighteenth-century novels such as those of Fielding must often have wondered at the scenes of prison life there given: but they will find in Mr. Gordon's book ample evidence that those scenes are strictly according to the facts and owe nothing to the novelists' imagination. We notice especially several characters, whose biographies are given by Mr. Gordon with strict regard to the squalid facts, while they figure in literature of various degrees of merit and especially in romances of the “Jack Sheppard” and “Rookwood” type. No one who has read Fielding's almost diabolic “Jonathan Wild” whom he makes the representative of the “great man” of history will fail to read what Mr. Gordon tells of Wild. It is now many years since we read with enthralled interest a story, which could hardly have been for the edification of youth, though we are not aware that we received any unnatural bias towards criminality, of the wonderful career and exploits of George Barrington; and here in Mr. Gordon's book we find the actual biography of George Barrington, the Prince of Pickpockets. It is worth something to know now that George Barrington was an actual somebody who did “in truth walk upon this earth”, as Carlyle might say, and that “he possessed talents which, had they been properly directed on his first setting out in life, might have enabled him to play

a distinguished part, either in literature or business". As it happened, however, our hero was fortunate enough to escape hanging at Newgate, though he was several times one of its occupants; and on the whole, and in the end, was more lucky than if he had taken to literature in the eighteenth century which treated its literary men hardly more tenderly than its criminals. He found himself in New South Wales at last; obtained the situation of Superintendent of Convicts at Paramatta; received a free pardon in 1799; became chief of the Constabulary force of the colony; and died in 1804 as respectable as you please. Perhaps it was something of a declension from being "acquainted and intimate with the Duke of Ancaster, Lord Ferrars, Lord Lyttelton and many other noblemen who all considered him as a man of genius and ability (which he certainly was) and were under the impression that he was a gentleman of fortune and family". But he saved his neck, which was proof of considerable genius in those days, and perhaps the best proof of all. Even that other genius Jonathan Wild did not manage this feat. Mr. Gordon brings the detailed narrative of Newgate to a close about the time when the last public execution was carried out there; but he gives an interesting account of the prison as it existed when its demolition began. The book is throughout illustrated with remarkably good photographs of the heroes and heroines of the story, of old buildings which were the scenes of their exploits and with reproductions of current prints, ballads and broadsides.

NOVELS.

"The Little White Bird." By J. M. Barrie. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1902. 6s.

We have read Mr. Barrie's book forward and backward and sideways: we have read alternate pages, we have put it into Latin prose and re-translated it, and we are totally unable to make head or tail of it. We have given it away to a child and had it indignantly returned. In these circumstances the line of least resistance for a reviewer to take is to prattle about delicate fancy and unsubstantial realms of faëry and marvellous knowledge of the intimate graces of childhood and romantic humour et patati et patata. And we notice that the reviewers are, speaking generally, tumbling over each other in their haste to take this line. Which proves either the dishonesty or the ineptitude of much modern reviewing—perhaps both, for it is a temptation to pretend to enjoy stuff written by a man who has the popular ear, and to some extent the critical. But much as we like some of Mr. Barrie's work, we can only say that he is now treating his public with cynical insolence. His theme is an elderly bachelor (a fourth-hand distortion of Thackeray's old fogies: an utterly absurd inhabitant of a London club), who taking a sentimental interest in a struggling young couple, plays with their child—and writes about him. Mr. Barrie once published in a periodical a little sketch called "The Inconsiderate Waiter": it had points as a detached episode. It now does reluctant duty as padding in "The Little White Bird", without acknowledgment. Is this playing the game? There are some well-written pages, but the book does not attempt to stand as a novel. It has, moreover, an indefinable air of trying to pry behind the veil that covers certain intimate matters in decent households. True, it never does lift the veil. Still, it were well for a litterateur who has chosen to exploit his own mother to leave abstract motherhood alone. As a fairy tale for children the book labours under the slight disadvantage that no child could understand it. Mr. Barrie is always interrupting his fairy tale to wink at the adults. He has got hold of a pretty enough fancy about fairies in Kensington Gardens and a little half-boy half-bird who lived on an island in the Serpentine. But the setting and the interpolations spoil it. There is a S. Bernard dog ("I forget how I became possessed of him. I think I cut him out of an old number of 'Punch'"—what would any mortal child make of that?) who turns into a youth called William Paterson and back again.

There are flashes of real understanding ("When little boys are in bed there is nothing between them and bears and wolves but the night-light") But oh! the circumambient masses of twaddle! And the sticky sentimentality! ("I saw my sweet love placid as a young cow browsing"). And the humour! We echo the child David and say to Mr. Barrie "Tell me when it begins to be funny". But we do not believe he knows. And the saddest thing is that we cannot think the book would have been written had its author never read "Dream Children" in the Essays of Elia.

"The Lady of the Barge." By W. W. Jacobs. London: Harpers. 1902. 6s.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs is an unequal writer, but when he is at his best we have always thought his short stories as good as any in the language, recalling in many respects those of Maupassant. "The Lady of the Barge" is the least good of a very good collection of short stories. Mr. Jacobs has two methods, the thrilling and the humorous. "The Well", "Captain Rogers", "In the Library", and "Three at Table" are thrilling enough and will bear comparison with some of de Maupassant's best known stories. "A Tiger's Skin" and "A Golden Venture" are in the humorous vein with which the admirers of Mr. Jacobs are familiar. This book can only increase the reputation of one of our cleverest writers.

"Neither Jew nor Greek: a Story of Jewish Social Life." By Violet Guttenberg. London: Chatto and Windus. 1902. 6s.

"When I kissed you under the mistletoe? I remember. I've been living on that kiss for four years. I am just aching and hungering for another one. I am going to have it here and now." "Geoffrey!" she protested. "In the open street!" "I don't care," he answered with determination. "There is nobody to see except Nature, and Nature keeps her secrets well. Ah—as he put his desire into execution—that was beautiful." He was a Christian and she was a Jewess, but he loved her all the same and loved in silence. He went to Australia. She became a notable singer, a rich woman and engaged to a Jew. Then she became a Christian, lost her fortune, released her unworthy fiancé: there is nothing of note to add to this.

"An Amateur Providence." By Christine Seton. London: Arnold. 1902. 6s.

Harriett Glapthorne had a passion for arranging other people's lives, and being unscrupulous as to methods she got Jacqueline Hope into serious difficulties. This will not unduly affect the reader, for Jacqueline is too abject a coward and too downright a liar—Miss Seton freely applies these terms to her heroine—to win our sympathy. Two men loved Jacqueline, so we must suppose she had attractive qualities, but they are not apparent. Conon was the favoured lover, but in spite of his singular name he is a commonplace and ineffectual figure, and his notions of honour are not much loftier than Harriett's. But just for the sake of one character—the only real character in the book—the reader will resent the machinations of these trumpery people. This is Ida Keith, a noble-hearted woman with the highest sense of rectitude. We do not care a straw for the final union of the lovers. It is Ida we feel for, for we know she would not quickly get over the cruel deceptions of which she was the victim. Her presence in this book permits the hope that Miss Seton may yet write a better story than "An Amateur Providence".

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"East Anglia and the Great Civil War." By A. Kingston. London: Elliot Stock. 1902. 5s.

Books of this character seldom have any but a local sale, but Mr. Kingston's work is so entertaining that we are not surprised to see that it has reached a second edition. Mr. Kingston did not spare himself labour in the writing of this book. He searched, it is clear, with industry and intelligence a large quantity of contemporary MSS., pamphlets, tracts, &c. We

notice that among those who assisted him in his work was Mr. J. Bass Mullinger, librarian of S. John's Cambridge, and it would surely be hard to mention any better authority to consult as to the most trustworthy and informing sources of information than the co-author of that excellent work "An Introduction to the Study of English History". Mr. Kingston does not affect to take a detached view of the struggle between King and Parliament. He is frankly enough Parliamentary in his leanings. But his own comment is usually moderate, and we do not detect any sign of a desire either to suppress or to parade facts which tell against or for his own view. As to church wrecking we need not fall out with him for holding the conduct of Hugh Peters on the scaffold, when the villainous executioner scoffed at him, to be courageous; but we doubt whether his attitude towards Dowsing the Suffolk iconoclast is severe enough. The wonder to many must be how so many beautiful things, carvings, painted panels and the like, survived the hand of Dowsing and his crew. They are believed to have laid a heavy hand on, for instance, Southwold and Blythburgh, if we are not mistaken, and yet the interior of both contains very fine work of a far earlier age than theirs. Probably a good deal of what could be removed was wisely hidden before they were let loose on these noble churches. Here and there are slight mistakes which in this new edition might have been avoided: thus we have the Earl of Lindsay, as well as the Earl of Lindsey to whom the King's appeal was made: "Go, in the name of God, and I'll lay my bones by yours." It was on the same field that the much more famous appeal was made by the old Norfolk cavalier, Sir Jacob Astley: "O Lord! Thou knowest how busy I must be on this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me—March on Boys!"

"The Exploration of the Caucasus." By Douglas W. Freshfield. 2 vols. London: Arnold. 1902. 21s. net.

This is a second and cheaper edition of Mr. Freshfield's book. If this work has not quite the singular charm of Mr. Whymper's "Scrambles" or the literary value or deep human interest of Professor Tyndall's "Hours of Exercise Among the Alps" it no doubt surpasses both these and most other books of the kind in its importance from the point of view of geographer and explorer. Moreover Mr. Freshfield, like both these writers, must appeal to a good many who neither climb nor explore; for his writing is excellent. We notice that in the chapter on "The Mamison Pass and Gebi" he applies "horrid" to the character of the Darial defile: this is the adjective which would have been used by travellers of the eighteenth century. It is a pity that "horrid" in this sense has become quite obsolete: as commonly used to-day it is little more than boarding-school miss slang: "nice" has gone the same way. But how did it go and why? Imagine our ancestors' feelings at hearing a cake described either as nice or as horrid!

"Ruling Cases." By Robert Campbell. Vol. XXVI. London: Stevens and Sons, Limited. 1902. 25s. net.

This series of "Ruling Cases" whose issue we have from time to time noticed, here comes to an end with the twenty-sixth volume which consists of the General Index and the English and American Tables of Cases prepared by Mr. Edward Monson and revised by Mr. John M. Gould of Boston. The magnitude of the work may be estimated by the fact that the present volume consists of 773 pages. We have frequently pointed out the value of these cases alike to the English and the American lawyer, and Mr. Monson's index worthily completes a work which is destined to be an indispensable storehouse of legal learning for generations of lawyers of the two countries.

"Through the Casentino." By Lina Eckenstein. London: Dent. 1902. 2s. 6d. net.

The Casentino is one of the most charming districts of Tuscany, and the varied aspects of its picturesque history are of exceptional interest. Poppi and Bibbiena are set in the centre of this smiling land, and the sanctuaries of Camaldoli and La Verna lie on the mountains which surround it. The whole subject is instinct with charm, but well-nigh the whole charm of the subject vanishes in the hands of this writer. She is out of sympathy with the Catholic Faith, out of harmony with the middle ages, and the Casentino is a vivid reflection of both the one and the other. S. Romuald is always a subject of amusement to her and is presented to us by the worn-out method of sarcasm and cheap banter, while her knowledge of Catholic and mediæval practices may be gauged by the fact that she found the monks at Camaldoli praying for the salvation (sic) of a dead brother. It is pleasing to hear that the complexions of the modern monks remind one of "the delicate tints of crumpled rose leaves", but in the interests of word painting we should have been told whether the leaves thus suggested are of white, saffron, blush or damask roses. Still though this little book has few of the qualities required by so fine a subject as the Casentino it will be found of considerable use (and especially in its concluding practical chapter, "Hints for the Traveller") to those whose want of Italian prevents them reading Beni's full and excellent "Guida Illustrata del Casentino".

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15^{me} Novembre. 3f.

There are two papers in this number of great interest the one on "Cromwell" by M. Augustin Filon and the other a review by M. René Doumic of M. Vandal's new book "L'Avènement de Buonaparte". M. Filon's judgment of Cromwell is severe but in accordance with what may be called the modern or historic rather than the Carlylean or heroic view. He sees little of statesmanship in Cromwell or indeed of conscious working towards an end. In any case, in the end his government was a military despotism of the most brutal character where out of ten men in England nine were oppressed by one because this one was armed and the nine were not. M. Filon thinks little of Cromwell's foreign policy, but he does not rate him highly enough as a cavalry officer. M. Doumic points out that Buonaparte before Brumaire had no definite dream of tyranny before him. The coup d'état was indeed not effected by the army as a conscious act of military usurpation but really under the belief that they represented the law as against a tyrannical oligarchy. No great gambler on the stage of history was ever more near to failure than Buonaparte on the 18th Brumaire; and if he had failed it would have been through the defection of his own troops who were then still ardent revolutionaries. General Zurlinden's account of his escape from the fortress of Glogau in Silesia after he had been made prisoner of war in Metz is told without fanfaronnade and is worth reading.

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SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

Brytningstider (In Times of Crisis). By Pekka Malm. Stockholm: Wahlstrom och Widstrand. 1902.

This first book on our list has more than a literary interest, which, to tell the truth, though not lacking, is rather subservient to the purpose. But no one interested in the fortunes of Finland can read it without the keenest interest and sympathy. "Pekka Malm" is the pseudonym of a Finnish man of letters with a Swedish-sounding name in real life, which we do not feel at liberty to divulge. The title might be translated either "The Crisis" or "In Times of Transition" and refers to the crisis that Finland is passing through, and the many conflicting forces brought to the surface by the "Storm and Stress". There is also a suggestion that the crisis is hastened, or will be hastened by the factions that are tearing poor little Finland asunder. No one book that we know gives a more definite picture of these strangely complicated conditions. If the novel, *qua* novel, suffers in consequence, the book is one which no student of Finnish conditions should neglect.

The hero of the story, Daniel Autio, belongs, as his name shows, to the Finnish race. He has been adopted by a wealthy senator of Swedish descent, of the name of Ekeröth, and his wife, as playfellow to their only son Hjalmar. There is no difference made between the two boys, and when they go to Helsingfors to matriculate, they both stay with relatives of the Ekeröths. The young people in this family, all destined to play representative parts as types, are Ingeborg—still a school-girl with her pigtail down her back—Kurt, a droll precocious, up-to-date schoolboy, and Kuno, the student. The celebrations attending the matriculation or the taking of the student's exam., are described at some length, as befits this great event in the life of a young Northerner. In the North the donning of the white velvet cap of the student is a great occasion, with something of high-strung Northern idealism still lingering about the festivities and speechifying, the beautiful part-singing and dreamy "Schärmerei" in the silvery twilight of the northern summer.

Then the university life of the young man begins. As Helsingfors is also the capital of the Grand Duchy, and the literary centre of this splendid outpost of civilisation, we are at the same time introduced to all the different factors that go to make up this life—which "Pekka Malm" knows so well. The mentions of the Autocrat further inland are veiled and discreet; a few quiet references to the enemy—without even a capital E!—and that is all. The book is not, strictly speaking, a political novel. It is very much a novel with a purpose. The hero, Daniel Autio, throws himself heart and soul into the Young Finnish movement. The Young Fennomans have two aims in view: while doing their best to further the cause of the Finnish tongue, and to instruct and help on the uneducated masses, they are convinced that if the Finnish nationality is to survive at all in this time of danger, it is by maintaining the level of culture as high as possible, and keeping in contact with the big happy free centres of civilisation further south. We may mention in passing that nowhere is this culture so readily and so thoroughly assimilated as by those charming cosmopolites, the Finns. (No danger there of finding a Tartar if you scratch the surface.) This is generally considered, at least by the Svekomans, or Swedish faction, to be an attribute of the descendants of the Swedish settlers and conquerors of five hundred years ago, and of later immigrants from the mother country on the other side of the Baltic, with their traditions of culture and refinement. The Fennomans are by them looked down upon as the representatives of an inferior race, their struggle for the reassertion of the Finnish tongue as a piece of sheer stupidity and wanton folly, if not something worse. The Old Fennoman party is in this book presented in a very unfavourable light; averse to culture in any form on the plea of "Finland for the Finns", as bitterly opposed to the enlightened policy of the Young Fennomans as to the cosmopolite graces of the Svecoman element, and withal quite willing to make concessions to the powers that be and generally to fish in the troubled waters of the crisis. Young Hjalmar Ekeröth is won over; there is a large blonde young woman in the case—the daughter of an old Finnish Senator—who always figures effectively at tableaux as "Finland". When Daniel comes home from his travels it is to find his old foster brother's name written "Jalmari" on his dogplate, the outward and visible sign of his defection from his inherited "Swedish" traditions, and adoption of the masquerading devices of the Old Fennomans. Daniel's own sentimental tragedy turns on his love for Ingeborg, the representative of "Swedish" distinction and charm, but Daniel is given to understand by her brother that her Svecoman father would never give his consent. Daniel goes abroad for two years' study of the history of art in Italy, and in the libraries in Berlin and Paris, and comes back with material for a learned treatise on an important subject, and with the Northerner's usual freight of quickened enthusiasm and ambitious dreams. He begins as a brilliant journalist with a promising career at the University. But he antagonises the Fennomans by publishing his thesis in French; he is too fearless, too outspoken, too troublesome. ("Impossible" is the conservative Northern

epithet in countries where caution is not an imperative political necessity. The Enemy of the People belongs to these "impossible ones".) So his journalism comes to an end, his brilliant university career is cut short, he first accepts a post as Swedish master at a State school in a country town, but soon has to move on. The culminating crime here is reading Runeberg's splendidly patriotic poetry with his upper-form boys. Things have come to such a pass in Finland that reading the works of one of the great masters of literature is considered a political offence. But the Daniel Autios are always finding new means of keeping the flame of patriotism alive. Beaten in journalism, forced to give up his cherished dreams of scholarly achievement and European fame, beaten at schoolmastering in the comparatively cultured surroundings of a scholastic town, he finally finds a certain amount of happiness full of personal resignation as Principal of a rural college (Folkhögskola)—this Northern institution which has, unfortunately, no exact parallel in England. In steady, unremitting work for the raising of the level of popular education, he has found the solution of the problem for Finland. His friend Kuno has come to the same conclusion in another way. He settles on his country place, marries a young Fennoman girl, who works among their Finnish tenants and poorer neighbours, while he devotes himself to the Swedish peasantry. The present reviewer happens to know from entirely reliable sources, that this is the conclusion to which many enlightened Finns have come, or are coming. The force expended by more fiery races in outbreaks and turbulence is by the Finns diverted into underground channels—or turned to activities, to which no exception can in reason be taken. That Finland is not unanimous in this quiet resistance, is however the sad moral of this remarkable book. It has animation, variety, and the sense of humour necessary to give life to all these varied types. There are for instance delightfully funny letters from an incoherent loving old lady.

En Kvindes Bigt. By Karl Madsen. Copenhagen. 1902.

Känslans Rätt. By Axel Lundegård. Stockholm: Bonnier. 1902. 2 kr. 75.

Medusa och andra Dikter. By Erik Brogren. Stockholm: Bonnier. 1902. 2 kr. 75.

Among the books that have reached us the first two that are here bracketed together, though by no means alike, deserve to be singled out for a rare quality which they have in common: the delicate sympathetic insight into feminine psychology. The leading gentlemen are strangely enough, though both stories are written by real living men, rather unconvincing—rather like very good parts filled but not played by supers. May not this observation contain a hint for the revival of the dictum as to the "Limitations of Sex" in fiction? Is it not at least possible that the failure of women in drawing convincing men and of the men in drawing women may not always and invariably depend on the impossibility of overstepping the mysterious boundaries of sex, but sometimes at least on some defect in the focussing of the writer's vision? Both stories, too, are treated rather from the woman's point of view, especially Herr Lundegård's. Herr Karl Madsen has committed the mistake of writing a fictitious confession in the first person—which always challenges criticism in detail. The story is simple enough, and true to life. The woman, who begins life as a student, is rather a Romola kind of person, beautiful and high-principled. She leaves home on her mother's re-marriage, and goes to live with her guardian, a widower; becomes engaged to his son, a young man who chooses her because her fine character and bearing appeal to his fastidious æsthetic taste, but he has nothing in common with her. He develops into a very carefully delineated bureaucrat and connoisseur, to whom the exterior is everything. To please him, she learns to dress exquisitely, to play a leading part as hostess and grande dame and collector. But her strong ethical bent reasserts itself after a while, and her cup is full when she finds her only child, a boy, growing up into his child, and not hers. There are some very fine passages of womanly rebellion here. At last she falls under the influence of a Revivalist preacher and "gets religion" in a very fervid form. It does not strike one as quite possible that she should "confess" all this to a woman friend, whom she knows but slightly. But she does—and the friend shakes her head with a smile and a tear, as she reads, at the husband's folly, when she thinks of the direct way in which her own husband, the naval officer, would have cured her of all such hysterical fancies, if she had ever had them.

The plot in Herr Lundegård's book is more complicated, and not easy to condense. It turns on the criminal neglect of the emotional side of life by the "mannish" hero, one Dr. Noraeus, who had begun life by publishing a book called "Känslans Rätt" ("The Rights of Feeling"), preaching an exalted doctrine of free love. In spite of this, he loses "The Woman who Did" through his neglect of her at a time when she was beginning to feel the loneliness of her position—but he was busy with a discovery! About twenty years later, he, then a famous medical practitioner, comes in contact with a spoiled delightful, delicate young girl—the sister of the man who became his first love's husband. She, unknowing, idealises the author, and

falls in love with the man. He loves her, and kisses her once, but draws back, frightened—and writes her a long sensible letter of renunciation—which kills her. Not immediately—there is no bungling of the kind in this delicate piece of work—which is enlivened by good vivid descriptions of characteristic Swedish life in the summer homes near Stockholm.

In the third book of this group there is again a certain similarity of motive in the dramatic sketch called "In the Shadow of Death" with which Herr Erik Brogren, one of the younger men, opens his second volume of poems. Here the hero, a young artist, who is told that he must be prepared to die at any time from heart-failure, only sees in his fiancée the beautiful model, the chance to leave an immortal work behind him, when she, understanding, offers herself and indeed, in a single passionate whisper, begs him to leave a child to perpetuate his name.

Jerusalem. II: Det Heligia Landet. By Selma Lagerlöf. Stockholm: Bonnier. 1902.

Through the courtesy of the publisher we have been able to see advance sheets of this, the second volume of Selma Lagerlöf's great work, to which attention was called last May. It confirms us in the opinion expressed that the writer is exceptionally endowed with originality, power, and the divine gift of pregnant simplicity, mingling with strains of real, rhapsodic inspiration, very far removed from simplicity; and that this chronicle of Swedish tribal life in characteristic or unfamiliar surroundings has the true epic quality, flowing uninterruptedly along as it does with occasional flashes of tears and ripples of humour, over the deep pools of tragedy beneath. To preserve this quality, while giving us the vivid, deeply felt descriptions of scenery and setting demanded nowadays, but very sparingly used in the real old Northern epics, is a feat which only genius could accomplish.

Döda Fallet (The Dead Falls). By Per Hallström. Stockholm: Bonnier. 1902. 2 kr. 75.

Herr Hallström's work is almost too important to be discussed at the end of an article, of which the main stream has been necessarily diverted into other channels. We shall have occasion to return later to the development and the measure of his talent. This last work is by far the most important one that he has produced thus far. It is earnestly recommended to all readers of Scandinavian languages who wish to be initiated by a most powerful writer and original thinker into the life of the wild romantic country of Norrland, a country of forests and waterfalls, as unlike fjordsplit, rocky Norway, as it is unlike the smiling lake district of Midland Sweden. The scene is not laid in the Norrland of to-day however. The Norrland of a hundred years ago offers far more romantic possibilities. But the story is told in a simple masterly way which makes it quite real to all who read it.

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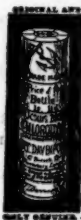
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